The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

DEM. CO. COM.

Bellefonte, N. W.	C M Bower
" S. W.	Patrick Garrety
" W. W.	Joseph W Gross
Centre Hall Borough	J W M'Cormick
Howard Borough	M I Gardner
Milesburg Borough	J Willis Weaver
Millheim Borough	C W Harter
Philipsburg, 1st W.	J D Ritter
" 2d W.	J H Riley
" 3d W.	Jackson Gorton
Unionville Borough	L J Bing
Benner	John Mechtley
Boggs, N P.	Philip Confer
" W P.	T F Adams
" E P.	H L Barnhart
College	Daniel Grove
Curtin	T S Delong
Ferguson, E P.	John T M'Cormick
" W P.	Samuel Harpster Jr
Gregg, S P.	Geo B Crawford
" N P.	J C Rossman
Haines, E P.	J A Bowersox
" W P.	C A Weaver
Halfmoon	Wm Bailey
Harris	C C Meyer
Howard	Franklin Dietz
Huston	John Q Miles
Liberty	D W Herring
Marion	Harry McDowell
Miles	J Gramley
Patton	D L Meek
Penn	W F Smith
Potter, N P.	B F Arney
" S P.	G L Goodheart
Rush, S P.	Hugh McCann
" N P.	R C Wilcox
Snow Shoe, W P.	Patrick Kelly
" E P.	R J Haynes Jr
Spring	J N Brooks
Taylor	Wm T Hoover
Union	Aaron Fahr
Walker	J H McCauley
Worth	Levi Reese

WM. C. HEINLE, Chairman.

Henderson must owe the origin of his name to *hen*—one of the poultry tribe—which would mean a good setter.

In Niagara county, New York, farms sold at $100 per acre fifteen years ago. Now they can be bought at from $40 to $50 and almost everyone in the county is for sale.

A correspondent of the Rochester Herald, who has been traveling in California for the last six months, says that fifty men have dropped their dollars in real estate where a single one has made $10,000.

If the Buckeye state goes Democratic all will know why.

Adjutant General Hastings, at the invitation of the Onio Republican State Committee, will make a ten days tour of Ohio in October, speaking in the principal cities. General Hastings is a great favorite in Ohio and will be enthusiastically received.

There was a tragedy in the court house at Somerset, Pa., the other day. While D. J. Sharp was giving his testimony in court; Miss Goodman, who was interested in the case, cried out upon some answer of Sharp's, "That's a lie!" Sharp sprang up and struck her. Her brother Henry Goodman, grappled with Sharp, and after a short struggle stabbed him to death. Goodman escaped. A posse is in pursuit.

The Ohio Democratic convention meets at Dayton to morrow afternoon, and will be in session two days. All indications point to the nomination of ex-Congressman Campbell, but if he has not a majority at the outset there is a possibility of a union on Lawrence T. Neal, of Ross, or Virgil Cline, of Cleveland. The Ohio Democrats appear to have great confidence they will carry the State this fall.

The county commissioners of Lycoming have been arrested, Foresman and Streibergh by Constable Piatt, charged by the Supervisors of Cascade township with having refused and neglected to repair and maintain, after having been requested to do so, a county bridge over Salt Run. After a hearing before Alderman Stead they gave bail for their appearance at court for trial. Commissioner Starr will also be arrested on the same charge to morrow.

When M. I. Gardner rose in the county convention and announced his intention to support Mr. Schaeffer, his rival for the nomination for prothonotary, when that gentleman came out the winner, he displayed the qualities of a good, faithful Democrat. There was no pore-headed and muleish disposition about Mr. Gardner to kick, because he came out second best, and he now shows that he is as good as his pledge to abide by the decision of the county convention. Mr. Gardner will do his best for the election of the entire ticket.

The Pope is preparing to leave Rome. The decision of the pontificial major domo to refuse to officers of the Vatican Guards their usual leave of absence points to the eventual departure of the Pope from Rome.

Committees of Cardinals charged to make detailed arrangements for his possible departure, propose that his Holiness shall go by road in a carriage, accompanied by ambuscadors as far as Civita Vecchia and thence travel by sea to Spain. A small number of Cardinals and prelates will follow the Pope, who will delegate extraordinary powers to chiefs of congregations remaining here.

Time Marches With Tariff Reform.

From Pittsburg Post.

Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, who signed the petition of the New England manufacturers for the abolition of the duties on iron ore and coal, and a reduction to the ante-war rate of the duties on pig iron and crude manufactures of iron and steel, is out in an interview justifying his action. In brief he says there is no politics in the question, but it is a matter of life and death to New England manufactories; and that every Republican iron and steel manufacturer, in New England whom he knows has signed the petition. "They are moving he says, "for free raw material because if they do not secure this relief they feel that their industries will be doomed for the sake of the prosperity of Pennsylvania, or at best can prolong a miserable existence." Then Governor Ames enumerates a long list of iron and steel manufactories that have become extinct in New England because of the high duties on the raw material, such as iron and coal. The petition signed by the governor and other Republican manufacturers after enumerating these facts in detail, makes the extraordinary admission that "through the compulsion of circumstances they (the manufacturers) *have been systematically engaged in the degradation of American labor in New England!*" Think of that, men and brethren. This system of protection was maintained in the last campaign by Governor Ames and other Republican manufacturers of New England as the sole salvation of American labor. Now they admit over their own signatures that it has forced them to "systematically engage in the degradation of American labor." How? The taxation of raw material has compelled them, to meet the fierce competition of the day, to economize in the only way open to them, by cutting down the wages of labor and importing cheap foreign labor. That is the way American labor has been "systematically degraded," as these Republican manufacturers declare, through the operations of the holy tariff.

Governor Ames and his associates confine their appeals to congress for such relief in the way of free raw material and reduced duties on crude products, as will meet the emergency in the iron and steel business. It is noticeable the reduction of duties they insist on is much more radical than was proposed by the Mills bill. But if the New England iron and steel men are entitled to free raw material, is there not even a greater necessity for free wool and lower duties on woolen fabrics in the interest of the great body of consumers of woolen goods, numbering some sixty odd millions in the United States? The woolen industry of New England is in about as bad way as the iron and steel industry, and from the same cause. The *Wool Reporter* says since the first of January there have been fifty failures of woolen manufacturers in the United States. They are going down like a row of bricks. In Boston last week the sales of wool amounted to 1,015,000 pounds, against 6,600,000 pounds for the corresponding week last year. A Boston trade report says "a complete gloom pervades the market, and it is an almost thankless task to try and sell wool in any considerable quantity." This was not promised the wool growers and manufacturers if Harrison was elected and the Mills bill defeated. An extraordinary meeting of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers has been called, to meet in Boston, September 17, and one object mentioned for consideration is the revision of the wool duties. We presume if they are not allowed free wool they will ask an additional tax on manufactured woolens. They will not get that. Free wool is their only alternative. The march of events is with the tariff reformers. Victory is in sight. The free trade bug-a-boo is as dead as a salt mackerel or Governor Beaver.

The business men of Johnstown evidently mean business with the fishing club.

The proposed suit against the South Fork Hunting and Fishing Club was brought forward the other day by the committee sending notifications to all business men and property holders, requesting them to meet on Monday evening to "take action in regard to the loss of property sustained by the citizens of Johnstown and vicinity, caused by the recent flood." The members of the committee, when asked what action would likely be taken, said that the movement was a preliminary one for the purpose of securing the united support of the business men of the town, especially in the matter of securing the necessary financial backing. Messrs. Thomas and Stenger, of the committee, have no doubt that sufficient money will be raised to push the suit for all there is in it and farther expect that the united action of the business men of the town will give an impetus to the scheme.

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Fighting the Sugar Trust.

Without waiting for any action congress may take upon the sugar trust, some of our citizens have combined to bring the said trust to terms.

In many sections of the country little family parties have been formed, who have pledged themselves to abstain from the use of sugar until the price shall have fallen to what it was one year ago. Somebody has been active in the hunt for sugar statistics on production and consumption, and as a result of such inquiry the fact is presented that a falling off of one tenth in the home consumption of sugar would make the sugar trust a very unprofitable affair.

It is claimed that when the coffee kings raised the price of that commodity a few years ago the action of the Knights of Labor in boycotting the use of it, reduced the price in less than two weeks and broke up the combination. What has been done with coffee can be done with sugar by the exercise of a little self restraint in the matter of indulgence in sweets, and we hope to see the anti-sugar consumers increase and multiply.

As it is, it might be well for dealers not to lay in a big supply at present prices.

Quay as a Republican candidate for governor, previous to stepping up to the presidency, is a new play on the political carpet. On Saturday the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph published a sensational story about Senator Quay, as follows: "A very prominent, practical and unromantic Republican politician said this morning: "I heard last night that Quay intends to become a candidate for the Governorship, provided the road seems smooth and there is not too much outcry from the party at large. It is well known that he does not think Delamater a strong candidate, and it has been said that he has taken General Hastings as his second choice. I do not doubt that a Hastings anchor has been prepared for a windward cast, but it is still out of water. The whole thing in a nutshell is that Quay wants to be governor because it would strengthen him for a place among the Presidential candidates in '92.

A prohibition ticket has been nominated in Mifflin county.

The following persons were elected delegates to the state convention at Harrisburg on next Wednesday: Rev. W. R. Weiand, of Siglerville; Isaac Horton, of Belleville; Rev. S. P. Resner and C. W. Derstine, of Lewistown.

The following county ticket was nominated by acclamation: Associate judge, Rev. W. R. Weiand, of Siglerville; prothonotary, Samuel J. Bearly, of Newton Hamilton; register and recorder, E. O. Lantz, of Belleville; director of poor, W. R. Ferguson, of Yeagertown. The convention pledged themselves not to vote anything but the straight prohibition ticket and endorse the national prohibition platform

Among the 17,000 dissatisfied coke workers in the western part of the State, as among the thousands of disgruntled iron and steel workers in various localities of Pennsylvania, there are no doubt a few men who tramped the soles off their shoes during the presidential campaign in their admiration for a protective tariff.

It is scarcely necessary to tell them that they have been misled. This fact they know and know full well. But right here let it be said that if ever again they permit themselves to be hoodwinked by the blatherskite agents of the beneficiaries of a system that makes the "poor poorer and the rich richer," they should without a murmur lie upon the bed of their own making.

The Republicans of the county have some good men in their ranks who would make fair officials, and when they come to nominating for county commissioners again, let them fix upon such gentlemen like William McFarlane, Jacob Strohm, Christ Dale, H. P. Sankey, Daniel Hess and a dozen others, whom we might, and who would not sit in the court house every day in the year like an old cluck, to breed out three dollars a day merely, as seems to be the policy of the two hens, Henderson and Decker.

Horrible Death.

On last Tuesday afternoon a son of Charles Heisler, met with a horrible death at Maitland's boiler shops near the depot at Bellefonte. The boy was the only son of Mr. Heisler, aged about 13, and was employed in the boiler shop. The hands were engaged in rolling a large boiler up a platform, and young Heisler war at the lower side to adjust the blocking as the boiler was being rolled up. He sat on the platform while doing this, but had been cautioned against the danger of his position in case the boiler should roll back. The men lost control of the boiler, and before Heisler could get up and out of its reach the ponderous thing went over him, crushing his head into a flat mass. Death was instaneous.

Will the Woolen Men Act?

The following editorial comment on the called extraordinary meeting of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers, from the *American Wool Reporter*, one of the leading organs of the woolen industry, is a pointed admonition that the woolen men should respect:

"We confess that we await the issue of this meeting with interest, but with some uncertainty. The results of the tariff revision of 1883, under the leadership of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, however well intended, have been a cause of grief and distress to the wool manufacturing industry of the United States ever since. Look at the list of failures of woolen mills since January 1, 1889, and how many others have seen their surplus capital fade away during the past few years as the result of the tariff inequalities perpetrated in 1883. Later on, in January, 1888, a conference of wool growers and woolen manufacturers was held in Washington which has been a source of contempt and the laughing stock of the nation ever since. These are severe comments, but they are demanded by the present emergency and unless the so called "National Association of Wool Manufacturers" rises to the exigencies of the present crisis its last claim to a representative position in the trade must be abandoned.

Every woolen manufacturer well understands the supreme folly committed by their representatives both in 1883 and in January, 1888, and they all well understand that the woolen manufacturers were engulfed by political necessity in both cases. In 1883 it was a grab game, a catch as catch can tussle between jostling interests to get the most within reach. Iron men feared ore men; woolen manufacturers feared wool growers; cordage men feared hemp growers; coal men feared iron men. Thus none dared to speak the truth above a whisper and in the end each got nearly what was wanted, only they all had to be loaded with taxes upon raw materials because raw material producers, even if employing little labor, demanded a full share of the swag under threat of retaliation on the manufacturers. Then came the crazy quilt tariff patchwork of 1883.

In 1888 the cowardice of woolen manufacturers was more humiliating and the fraud upon our general industries was simply disgraceful. It was in January, 1888, just on the threshold of a national political contest, that the wool growers and manufacturers were summoned to Washington, and when, as their own organ justly says, they made themselves "a source of contempt and the laughing stock of the nation ever since." They were there notified that wool and woolens must go hand in hand and be protected together, although woolens are largely the product of labor, while wool is the product of only nominal labor, and both were promised increased tariff duties on their products as part of the new protective policy. The farce or fraud was carried so far as to be incorporated in a campaign tariff bill that passed the Senate, in which the tariff taxes on both wool and woolens were increased. That done the wool and woolen men were called upon for large party contributions to assure them the protection promised, and these traders in oppressive taxes on consumers retired, as their organ truly declares, to enjoy the "contempt" of those who knew what they had done and to become "the laughing stock of the nation."

The party cause with which they bartered and for which they contributed their money so lavishly, succeeded at the election; and it was not until our woolen industries saw that Congressional relief appeared hopeless that failures came—slowly at first, but later in numbers, until some fifty woolen failures admonish those who trade with politicians for oppressive taxes that the woolen industry, like every other legitimate enterprise, must be founded on a legitimate business basis. These appalling results of a policy that protects English mills and English labor, while bankrupting American woolen mills and denying just wages to American labor, have forced the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers to meet in extraordinary session for conferance, and if they shall speak the truth and act as becomes men, they will have free wool and other raw materials, and with liberal protection upon their products. Will the woolen men act? If they fail to act, the people will surely act for them.

Additional Court News.

The jury in the assault and battery case, against Jacob Kepler, rendered a verdict of not guilty and Kepler to pay costs.

The case against Abs Harter, selling liquor without license, was held over for next term, on account of witnesses being absent, Mr. Harter giving $500 bail for appearance at next term.

The bill against landlord Shafer for selling to intemperate persons, was ignored.

Bills for county bridge at Colyers, in Potter, one at the Howard dam, and one in Huston township were approved by the grand jury.

The Swiss Republic.

In the year 1291 three small communities in the midst of the great powers of Europe leagued together for mutual self defense. That league in one form or another has existed ever since, and it was the foundation of the compact little Swiss confederation. The government since 1291 has passed through six constitutional phases. The present constitution was adopted in 1848, and stands for what the Swiss patriots believe to be the model of republican organic law.

The Swiss republic, however, is very unlike our own. To begin with, it has no president such as we understand by the term. The executive department consists of a federal council, composed of seven members. They are elected for a term of three years by the Swiss congress, or federal assembly, as it is called. Each of the seven has a particular part of the government to look after. The federal assembly elects one of the seven president of the executive council, and another one of them vice president. The president and vice president serve for one year. The president of the executive council also serves as president of the confederation, but his duties in this capacity consist only in receiving foreign representatives. He appoints no postmasters nor anybody else. His salary is $2,700.

The federal assembly, like our own, is made up of two houses. The lower house is called the national council and is elected for three years. The upper house is the council of states. In Switzerland there are twenty-two cantons, which correspond in a measure to our states. Each canton, like our states, sends two senators to the council of states. But senators are not paid by the general government. They look to their own cantons for that, unless the assembly sits during a recess. Members of the national council are paid from the general fund, and receive $4 a day for actual service. Mileage is allowed. The judiciary department consists of nine judges elected for six years by the federal assembly. Switzerland has three official languages—French, German and Italian.

The most interesting feature of the Swiss government, however, is the famous referendum. By it political parties are rendered of no avail in Switzerland. By taking advantage of it the Swiss people at large are able themselves at any time to change their constitution. It is the survival of an ancient historic right of a free people.

The referendum means what it indicates—a referring, and to the people. If 50,000 Swiss citizens ask for a revision of the Swiss constitution, then the question is submitted to the whole people and voted on, and the whole people decide whether they want a revision. If the two legislative houses cannot agree on a revision, this, too, is at once submitted to a vote of the people. If a law passed by the federal assembly is of questionable utility, and 30,000 citizens petition for the referendum, the whole people vote on the law, and they may decide that they do not want it in the very teeth of the assembly that has just passed it. Thus the people themselves, and the people only, have the veto power in their own hands. They themselves are their own final tribunal. This is the most unique and interesting feature of government in modern times.

The Little Cow.

Two billion and a half of dollars are invested in the dairy business in the United States. The whole banking and commercial interest of the country amounts to only a little more than half that sum, so that the cow is mightier than iron vaults and safes. A million horses, three-quarters of a million of men and sixty million acres of land are required to produce food for the cow and take care of her milk. In return for this care she gives us six and three-quarter billion gallons of milk a year, amounting to $810,000,000. One cow averages 450 gallons of milk a year.

In Iowa, some twenty years ago, agriculturists began to turn their attention seriously to the dairy business. The cow rewarded them first by paying off all the mortgages on their farms, and then giving them a competency. Success to cow, corn and cotton, the three great factors in our prosperity.

The south is now the victor. Her oranges long ago conquered the north. Her iron is at present conquering the world. Her summer fruits vanquish their tens of thousands of Yankees yearly. The delicious early peaches of the markets are from Georgia mostly. It is not uncommon for a dozen car loads of them to come into the large cities at one shipment. South Carolina, too, finds that she is a peach marketing state. Eighty of South Carolina's choice early peaches fill a twelve quart crate.

In the imperial museum at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, is a meteorite weighing over a ton. It is seven feet long and four feet thick. This great mass was transported seventy-one miles by ox wagons to the museum.

Coburn.

Am still among the living; came near being among the missing the time of the flood. The people have about all got fixed up again. Andy Campbell has his outbuildings and fences all finished and says it looks like home again. Wm. Kreamer has turned his house around where it stood and put another story on it, and when finished will make a nice home.

Dan Eisenhuth has built a large kitchen to his house. Ed. Bracht has his house ready for the plasterers. Mr. Luse, of Centre Hall, has the church about finished outside, and since painted makes a nice appearance. The Reformeds have their foundation completed and will lay the corner stone on Sep. 8. G. J. Meyer is building a stable on his lot.

Benj. Kerstetter has his saw mills about ready for the wheelwrights. How will it be about putting a schute in the dam.

Jacob Whitmyer sold his span of horses to W. H. Stamm and is out looking for another team.

Sam Wilson was around setting up cigars, etc., and says its a bouncing big boy.

Andy Campbell went to Bellefonte on Monday to attend to some business at court.

Several of our boys left very sudden on Monday night and Tuesday morning. Cause, Sheriff Cook wanted to see them but didn't find them.

It seems some people cant mind their own business, and are not satisfied unless they can make some people trouble in the neighborhood. If they hear anything they must tell all they hear and more too. Der tyful set se all holta.

We expect to have a big time at our picnic if the weather is favorable, and expect a big crowd. The committee are trying to make arrangements to have our school taken on the train to the place, which is in Andy Harter's woods, 1¼ mile above Coburn.

Business is dull here at present, except the lumber business and that is very brisk. O.K.

Walnut Grove.

The farmers are all busy plowing now, and will soon be ready to sow. All are anxious to finish seeding until Granger picnic time, so that they will have full benefit of the picnic.

The Misses Sparrs have rented their farm recently bought, to Jacob and C. C. Meyer who will continue to farm on as before.

Jas, Wert met with rather a misfortune on Saturday which cost him two trips to Centre Hall.

John J. Showalter of Laurelton accompanied by his cousin Chas. Showalter of Glen Iron paid a flying visit to his old home last week. The next time you come boys don't be in quite so much of a hurry.

Dr. Livingstone of Pine Grove made a business trip through here on Monday.

Miss Lizzie Trout and little brother of Altoona who were the guests of Miss Blanche Meyer for several weeks have returned to their home.

The Reformed Sunday School of Boalsburg of which a number of people in our vicinity are members will have a basket picnic at Hassens Gap near Shingletown on next Saturday. All are invited to attend, in the evening of same day the ladies of the Methodist church in Boalsburg will hold a festival at that place for the benefit of their church.

H. W. Spangler of Mifflinburg was through here this week canvassing for a patent roaster and baker and seemed to meet with success.

Visitors the past week were Mr. and Mrs. David Sparr, Miss Carrie Harper of Bellefonte, Rev. Black and wife of Boalsburg, Miss Flora Riley and Lloyd Brown and family.

J. H. and C. C. Meyer were to Bellefonte on Monday.

David Bohn was to the Loop on Sunday. There seems to be some attraction down there for David.

Penn Township.

The farmers are very busy getting their land ready for seeding, some intend to commence this week yet.

The potato crop in this section runs a great deal shorter than last year, and everybody complains that they rot, at some places over the half.

If nothing happens Henry Swartz will have a good barn again by next week. It will be more substantial than the one taken away by the flood. He intends to haul all his grain in as soon as the barn is ready; he has some stacked and in his neighbors barns.

Last Sunday Rev. M. L. Deitzler's father filled his son's appointments at Millheim, Penns creek and Coburn. He preached very able sermons in the German language.

Rev. Yearick, Ref. resigned as pastor of the Aaronsburg charge and will leave in October.

Rev. Hicks returned from his western trip and is as busy as ever at his ministerial duties.

By the general talk it seems as though every body from this section was going to attend the Centre Hall picnic.

The steam thrashermen are having a big time this fall in this neighborhood. There are three machines in this section, and to steal another's job is their greatest delight.

Spring Mills.

The following tracts of land were sold last week by order of the Orphan's Court, farm in Penn township, estate of Henry Krumrine, containing 116 acres to Elias Krumrine; six acres of land below Penn Hall to S. Musser; lot in Spring Mills to Wm. Allison; farm in Gregg township, estate of Jacob Shaffer, containing about 100 acres to W. A. Krise.

Two picnics at Spring Mills and one at Farmers Mills will be held next Saturday. They are by the different Sunday schools and a festival at each place in the evening.

Warren S. Krise, Mrs. W. A. Krise, several of Wm. Goodhart's family, Misses Sue and Kate Fredericks, Annie Grove, and many others, started on Monday morning for the Williams Grove picnic.

Rev. R. O'Boyle, of Glade, preached for the Reformed congregation at this place last Sabbath forenoon, and for Rev. Fischer at Farmers Mills in the afternoon. His talents for preaching, judging from the sermon he favored us with, appear to be of a very high order.

His Honor, Judge Furst, threw a great big stone at the jury for the verdict it rendered in the Kepler case. He aimed for their conscience—whether the stone was successful in its mission in finding the object aimed for, we did not learn.

Esq. Herring will make sale of real estate of John Oswald' dec'd, Sep. 21. Ad. next week.

DOWN A TRESTLE.

THE FIRST TRAIN OVER A NEW RAILROAD WRECKED.

THE REAR COACH GOES DOWN A TRESTLE—THREE MEN KILLED AND FORTY-NINE INJURED.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 22.—A horrible wreck occurred on the Knoxville, Cumberland Gap and Louisville Railroad, at Flat Gap Creek, 22 miles from here, at 10.30 this morning. The train was the first to go over the new road, and carried a select excursion of the City Councils, the Board of Public Works, representatives of the Chamber of Commerce, and the very flower of the business and professional men of Knoxville. The train of two cars left the track at a crossing, and the rear car went down a trestle. Only one man in the car was uninjured. It was impossible to obtain medical aid for a long time, and until 4.30 P. M., when the train reached Knoxville, scanty attention was rendered. Many had to be brought back on flat cars and the last part of the journey was made in a driving rain. Three men died from their injuries and others cannot live.

THE DEAD.

Judge George Andrews, the most prominent lawyer in East Tennessee.

S. T. Powers, leading merchant and former President of the East Tennessee Fire Insurance Company.

Alexander Reeder, a leading politician, who has held many offices of trust.

THE INJURED.

Alexander A. Arthur, President of the Chamber of Commerce.

Isham Young, President, and Peter Korn, member of the Board of Public Works.

John T. Hearn, editor of the *Sentinel*.

W. W. Woodruff, a leading wholesale merchant.

Charles Seymour, attorney, and Alexander Wilson, assistant chief engineer, Knoxville, Cumberland Gap and Louisville Road.

County Judge Maloney.

Aldermen Barry and Hockings.

General H. Schubert, of the Governor's staff.

A. J. Alberts, a wholesale merchant.

Rev. R. J. Cook, Professor of U. S. Grant University.

City Physician West.

Judge H. H. Ingersol.

H. B Wetsell.

W. B. Samuels.

C. Abbie.

Captain H. H. Taylor.

S. McKelden.

El. Barker.

J. F. Kinsoll.

John B. Hall.

Phillips Samuers, aged 10.

R. Schmidt.

R. A. Park and one of the train crew.

Out of 56 persons on the train, 41 were injured. The most intense excitement and sadness is apparent here to-night.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—The State Board of Agriculture has been notified of the death of twelve cows, of murrain, on a dairy farm six miles from Wilkesbarre, Penna.

—Andrew Johnson, a bar keeper, and a man named J. Paterson, a blacksmith, both of Kenosha, Wisconsin, were drowned, on the 18th, while fishing in Camp Lake. A despatch from Vincennes, Indiana, says that a locomotive and eight cars of a freight train on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad were wrecked, on the morning of the 18th, by running over a cow. J. C. Lyons was instantly killed and C. M. Faulley was fatally injured. The engineer and fireman escaped by jumping.

—The defalcation in the Boonville, Ind., post-office has been found to approximate $6500, and Postmaster Swint is said to have been ruined by Assistant Postmaster Denny's dishonesty.

—The cords attached to a bunch of rubber balloons became twisted about the arm of two-year-old Sophie Scwab, at Sheffield Park, Chicago, on the 18th, and the child was carried into the air and out over the lake. The despatch says that a sharpshooter succeeded in piercing two of the balloons, and the bunch descended, the child being rescued without even getting her feet wet.

—Charles Rhue, Martin Thomas and Lawrence Overly were fatally injured, and John Gleason and Henry Kantz, seriously, on the 19th, by the fall of one of the walls of the Centilion brewery, at Fort Wayne, Indiana, which was recently burned. Frank Sorrenson was fatally injured at Nanticoke, Penna., on the 19th, by a trap which he had arranged to kill pigeon thieves.

—Parker Harris, colored of Memphis, Tennessee, cut his wife's throat with a pocket-knife on the evening of the 18th, and afterwards cut his own throat, inflicting wounds which will probably prove fatal.

—Edward Brown and James Mulligan had an encounter early on the morning of the 17th, in New York, during which both were severely stabbed. It is thought Mulligan's injuries will prove fatal. It is said Brown was making a disturbance in a house of ill-repute, and Mulligan was called in to put him out. Adam Beutel, a German-farmer, near Louisville, Ky., on the evening of the 16th shot his wife, though not seriously, and then killed himself. The two had quarrelled while watching at the bedside of a son who was dying from wounds received at the hands of a negro about two weeks ago.

—Three murders in the Pennsylvania coal regions on the 17th are reported in a despatch from Wilkesbarre, "as a result of its being general pay day." At Pittston Edward Tates struck Thos. Snell on the neck, killing him instantly. At the same place Chas. Fitzgerald was stabbed twice in the abdomen, and died on the evening of the 18th. Edward Welsh has been arrested for the crime of both. At Plymouth Michael Minlinski stabbed Joe Ledouchehi, inflicting a fatal wound.

—Governor Hutchinson, Attorney General Kellogg, Chief Justice Horton and Associate Supreme Justices Valentine and Johnston, of Kansas, have furnished for publication statements declaring that woman suffrage at municipal elections in Kansas has proved such a great public benefit that they advise other States to adopt it.

—A heavy storm of wind and rain, accompanied by severe electrical discharges, passed over portions of Minnesota and Wisconsin on the evening of the 19th. At St. Paul two inches of water fell between 2 and 5 A. M. Lightning struck the large agricultural building on the grounds of the Northwestern Fair Association, at Eau Clair, Wisconsin, destroying the building, together with several thousand bushels of grain and a lot of machinery. Several houses in that vicinity were struck and badly damaged. A despatch from Parkersburg, West Virginia, says that there is great suffering by reason of the recent disastrous floods on Tucker, Tygart, Slate, Little Sandy and other creek valleys, and that the local resources for the relief of the people will soon be exhausted.

—Albert Porter, aged 19 years, of Dover, a student at Dartmouth College, was accidentally shot and killed on the evening of the 19th on Kenniston's Island, near Wolfboro', New Hampshire. He had been camping with some friends, and a revolver which Herbert E. Toule was cleaning was discharged inadvertently. Bert Miller and John Olcott, 10-year-old sons of prominent men at Pomeroy, Iowa, were smothered to death on the evening of the 19th in a bin of flax in the elevator at that place.

—The mud drum of the boiler at Gangwisch's brewery, Allegheny City, exploded with terrific force on the afternoon of the 20th, almost completely wrecking the large three-story building. Henry Snyder, an employe, was killed outright, and two others. Lizzie Blasco and William Johnson, seriously but not fatally hurt. The damage will reach $10,000. The cause of the explosion is unknown. Miss Mary White and Mrs. Sarah Huyck were struck and killed by a train in Rochester, New York, on the evening of the 19th. Miss Lillian Fellman, of Chicago, was drowned in the St. Joseph's river, Michigan, on the 19th, while attempting to save Mrs. Edw. Napier, who had got into deep water in an effort to save a little boy from drowning. Mrs. Napier and the boy were saved.

—Information has reached Missoula, Montana, that Indians were again menacing the lives of the whites at Demersville. They broke into a house and one person was killed. William Ball, a colored strolling minstrel, stabbed and killed a negro known as "Blackhawk Porter," in a New York dance house on the morning of the 20th. He claimed the stabbing was an accident, and that they were fighting a "sham battle." A man who was lying on the track of the Omaha road was run over and killed by a St. Paul passenger train as it was approaching Ashland, Wisconsin on the evening of the 19th. When the train hands went to pick up the remains they saw a man run away and escape into the woods. It is thought the man who was killed was made intoxicated and then murdered. Robert Doran, a leading cattleman, was found on the morning of the 17th with his throat cut from ear to ear on one of his ranches, 20 miles southwest of Wachita, Kansas. A bloody razor was found beside him. Mr. Doran's family say the razor was never seen about the house, and certainly belonged to some one else. It is believed Doran was murdered.

—The Coroner's jury in New York, in the case of Edward Quinn, foreman of the Brush Electric Light Factory, who was killed by a current of electricity while trying to close a circuit, on the 20th censured the company.

—A heavy rain, the first in over two months, fell over South Dakota, on the evening of the 18th, relieving the anxiety of the farmers, who now say "corn is safe for a good crop." The forest fires in Montana were checked and at many points extinguished by a heavy rain on the evening of the 18th, which was general throughout the Territory.

—Gilman A. Kimball, aged 60 years, of Middletown, Mass., died on the 19th, of hydrophobia. He had been accidentally scratched on the lip by the teeth of his dog about three weeks ago, and the animal was subsequently shot in a fit of rabies.

—The Post-office Department was informed, on the 20th, that the stage running between Canyon City and Baker City, Oregon, was robbed on the 17th and all the registered mail taken; and also that the post-office at Mooresville, Mo., was entered on the evening of the 19th by burglars and $50 in stamps taken. A. S. Hooper, a letter carrier in the Richmond, Va., post-office, was arrested on the evening of the 20th charged with robbing the mails. A decoy letter was found in his possession.

—A freight wreck occurred on the evening of the 20th on the Erie Railroad at Big Flats. An east-bound passenger train ran into the obstruction, and one baggage and one express car was burned. Engineer Andrew Wallace and Fireman Charles Kimball were badly hurt and scalded, and two passengers were slightly injured. Rose Cassidy, aged 13 years, of South Bend, Indiana, while asleep walked off the platform of a Vandalia express at Effingham, Illinois, while it was running at full speed. The train was stopped and the girl was found unhurt walking along the track.

—A heavy storm of wind and rain passed over Winthrop, Maine on the afternoon of the 20th, lasting half an hour. Corn and other crops were seriously injured.

—Three ladies of Portland, Oregon, Mrs. George Bonar, Mrs. Frank Morgan and Miss Sallie Wiberg, became separated from a party who were descending Mount Hood recently and lost their way. Searching parties were formed and the women were found, at 3 A. M., perched upon a high rock for safety from wild animals and huddled together to keep warm.

—Two steam yachts, the Wide Awake, of Bremerton, and Jessie Lang, of Phœnix, collided at the junction of the Oswego and Seneca rivers on the afternoon of the 21st. The Lang sank and all on board, about twenty-five persons, went into the water. All were rescued by the Wide Awake except Miss Clara Van Wormer, of Phœnix, who was drowned. Thomas Jones, aged 10 years, fell into the canal at Lowry's Station, Penna., on the 21st and was drowned. At Newton, North Carolina, H. R. Kenyon, a young banker, formerly of Rochester, New York, walked out of an upper story window and was killed. He was delirious with typhoid fever.

—Frank Morris, John Heil, James O'Brien and Brodie Morris, miners, were caught beneath a fall of slate and killed on the evening of the 20th in the mines of the Cannellton Coal Company, in Fayette county, West Virginia.

—Richard Hanlon was shot and probably fatally wounded, in front of his home, in New York, on the morning of the 21st, by John McCue, a boarder whom Hanlon had ordered to leave the house. John T. Natcher, of Pittsburg, a large painting contractor, was shot and probably fatally wounded in his office on the 21st, by Benjamin Lee, a drunken journeyman who had applied for work.

—A gasoline still at the oil refinery of A. D. Miller & Son, in Allegheny, Pa., exploded early on the morning of the 21st, and the entire plant took fire and was destroyed. The engineer is missing and Perry Heuck, the watchman, was badly injured. The loss is estimated at $200,000. There was $48,890 insurance.

—The Post-office Department, on the 21st, received information that the post-office at Remington, Indiana, was entered by burglars, on the 20th; and, also, of the arrest of Samuel Smith at Denver, Colorado, for violations of the postal laws.

—By the explosion of a blast of 80 pounds of giant powder, at Buckley's Mills, Russell county, Virginia, on the 22d, an 18-foot drill was driven through Michael Dance's head, killing him instantly; John Ramery had both hands blown off; Joe Moore's right shoulder was torn off by flying rock; Andrew Martin lost his leg below the knee; and William Kunz was terribly injured. The blast had been put in the previous day, but failed to explode, and the men were extracting the charge when the accident occurred.

—An explosion of fire-damp occurred in No. 2 Colliery, of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, near Scranton, Penna,, on the 22d, and Andrew Nichols, the superintendent; Richard Mason, inside forman; John Lavern, Samuel Williams and John Jones were fearfully burned, Nichols probably fatally. There had been a cave in the mine and the men were on their way to repair it, when the gas ignited from one of the miner's lamps.

—Emanuel Brooks shot and fatally wounded his wife in Shawneetown, Illinois, on the 22d, and then shot himself twice in the head. These wounds not proving effectual, he ran 100 yards, jumped into the Ohio river, and was drowned. Alexander Boyd, a farmer at Green Hill, neer Wilmington, Delaware, was shot and badly wounded on the morning of the 22d by a horse thief who was endeavoring to make away with two horses from the barn of T. C. Hooton, a neighbor. At Maysville, Arkansas, two outlaws, named Hull and Mason, charged with selling liquor to the Indians, resisted an attempt to arrest them by three deputy marshals. A regular battle resulted, in which Mason had a horse shot under him, and, it is believed, was fatally wounded. Both men escaped, however.

—Joseph Franar, a Bohemian and a resident of Chicago, was shot and killed on the morning of the 22d while standing in his back doorway by an unknown man, who escaped through the alley. Maud Boertel, who lived near Oneida, New York, was shot and killed on the evening of the 22d by her lover, Edward Knowles. Brish W. Burgess, a farmer of Frederick county, Maryland, who died on August 7, is found to have been poisoned with strychnine. Detectives are at work on the case. Ex-City Sergeant James C. Smith, of Richmond, Virginia, on the evening of the 21st shot and killed a negro whom he found in his place of business, presumably for purposes of robbery. The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of justifiable homicide.

—F. L. Wisner, President of the Hardin County Bank, of Iowa, was accidentally shot and killed by his son George, while hunting, at Eldora, in that State, on the 21st.

—A train on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad was wrecked nine miles south of Moberly, Missouri, on the night of the 22d, by running over a steer. Engineer Frank Ritter, of Hannibal, and fireman George Bermaris, were killed. A freight train on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad broke through a culvert near Shamokin, Pa., on the 22d, and the engine and twenty cars were totally wrecked. Several of the train men were slightly injured.

—Christian W. Luca, a well-to-do grocer in Brooklyn, New York, was killed on the morning of the 22d by Charles McElwain, who had burglariously entered his store. McElwain was discovered by Luca in the dining room, and a struggle ensued, in which the latter was stabbed a number of times.

—Captain Gardner, of the schooner Valkyrie, at Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 22d, from the Banks, reports that the schooner Martha A. Bradley, on August 10th, picked up Captain Charles Rogers, in an exhausted condition, in the small boat Neckelodeon. He was bound from Boston to Paris, and had been at sea 38 days.

Gayety is to good humor as perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.

MY FRIEND HERMAN.

I had known Herman Chauntfair for years. We had been in the same class at college, and since we parted there, he to pass his time in foreign travel and I to settle down to the practice of my profession in the city, we had constantly exchanged letters, and on the occasions of his rare visits home had always met to talk of old times and renew our old friendship. It was with much pleasure, then, that one morning in the Spring of 18— I received a note from him telling me that he was back in his old quarters in University Place and would be glad to see me.

I found him unchanged after two years' absence. He had laid aside a book when I entered, and after we had comfortably settled down for a long talk, he said: "I have just been reading the Chevalier Joseph von Hammer's 'History of the Assassins,' and it reminds me of a curious experience I had last Winter in China, where, you know, I passed some time at Canton. I had been riding one morning North of the city, and tiring of the ceaseless chatter of my interpreter and guide, I sent him back with the coolies, and started to walk alone up the hillside. I had not gone far along what appeared to be a well-beaten path, when I found myself seized by two men, who, almost before I knew it, pinioned my arms with bamboo withes and were hustling me up the precipitous ascent. I had often heard of the robbers who are said to infest the Park Wan Shan, and stories of attacks upon foreigners were fresh in my mind, but as my friends did not use more violence than was necessary, and resistance seemed to be useless, I went with them, wondering what would be the outcome of my adventure.

"In a moment the path widened, and I found myself in an open space among the trees where an old man sat behind an improvised table, surrounded by a lot of coolies armed with pikes and short swords. They started when they saw me and advanced with their pikes in a way not altogether pleasant, so that, with an instinctive effort, I broke the bamboo fastenings and was about to seize the man nearest to me by the throat. Just then it flashed across my mind that I had trespassed on one of the secret assemblies of the great rebel society they call the "Heaven and Earth League," and instantly I made one of the signs that seem to be common property among these fraternities throughout Asia. The pikes dropped as if by magic; some one handed me a cup of villainous tea, and with many bows I was led directly in front of the old man who presided over the meeting. You know I have always taken the deepest interest in the history and institutions of these peculiar orders. For once my studies served me in good stead; the old man inclined his head. I bowed slightly, and then, not caring to prolong the interview with such an impressive host, I turned to go; my two escorts, who appeared as very unprepossessing fellows, deferentially conducting me back by the same path nearly to where I had encountered them on the hillside.

"It is a curious order; a league of natives against their Tartar masters. It is said that its ramifications extend all over the empire, even to very high places. They keep up an organization and maintain old Chinse customs, of course at an enormous risk, for the Government punishes membership in the society by death; but they are devoted to each other by oaths, and have an uncomfortable way of killing those who meddle with them."

"Herman," I said, when he had finished, "you know I have to do most of my traveling by you as proxy, but of late I've taken to exploring the city, dining at a West Side restaurant and thinking I am in France, or going down to Maiden Lane and eating *frijoltes* and drinking Catalan, in lieu of a trip to Spain; and recently I've been investigating the Chinese quarter, and will you believe it? I think I've found a lodge of that very 'Heaven and Earth League,' right in the heart of this good Christian city. I remembered your penchant, and intended to propose that we should visit it."

"Good!" he replied. "Lunch with me at the 'Travelers',' and we will go this very day."

It was but a step to his club, and luncheon was soon despatched. We called a hansom and soon found ourselves on the borders of that vast foreign settlement, a city within a city, where Chinese, Poles and Italians have each their separate quarters. From here we went on foot up the narrow street that ascends to the seat of the Chinese colony. It was not long before we found the dingy house, well known to me from previous visits as the home of the Chinese secret order. The street door was ajar to give access to the many tenants in the building. Each floor as we ascended seemed to be divided into many small compartments, until we reached the fourth and last story, and entered the lodge room of the society. It was a large, airy place with square ebony tables and chairs arranged on either side, and at one end a shrine, with a grim picture of an idol, the Chinese god of war, it is said, within a richly carved and gilded frame. We found ourselves quite alone, but before we had completed our survey a very old man, with a square face and bleared eyes, hobbled out from a rear room. "I am the Master," he said, and in a quavering voice asked us our names and addresses, after which he shambled about and placed a few more sticks of incense before the idol, apparently lost in thought and indifferent to our presence. "Let me try to conjure him," said Herman, and crossing the hall he made some signal that, although it was lost to me, fixed the old man's attention and caused his whole manner to change. He clasped his hands together and bowed ceremoniously, and pointed to a closed door guarded by pictures of two tigers on the left of the shrine. Herman instantly rejoined me. "You must leave me here," he said, "I will explain when I see you again." In vain I protested. "Go," he insisted, "if you love me." I turned very unwillingly and my last glance showed that the old man had unlocked the door and was leading Herman into the inner room.

I went directly to my lodgings (I, too, was a bachelor then) with many misgivings and self-accusations at having left my friend, but I found a telegram that called me down into the country—it was when my aunt died—and when I returned—I remained until after the funeral—I found Herman's card, with a few scribbled lines, saying that he was off again, and read his name in the list of outgoing passengers.

It was late in the Summer before I heard from him again. He had come back rather unexpectedly and wanted me to dine with him at his uptown club on Fifth Avenue. "I haven't much to tell you, "he wrote," but I need your advice. Do not fail me."

I thought he looked a trifle worried as we took our seats in the pleasant dining-room overlooking the avenue. "Charters," he began, "I am tired of this wandering life. I want to settle down," and then, significantly, "there is another reason, but of that I can not speak at present." I grasped his hand, and in the way men have, we fell to talking the usual common places. "The voyage was uneventful, of course?" "No, there was a curious occurrence going over. We were sitting in the chart-room one morning after breakfast when the Captain came down with a long, sharp, murderous-looking knife. It was found concealed on a Chinaman whom the sailors discovered prowling about saloon on the deck at two bells. He must have been a stoway who came out for something to eat, for there were no Chinese employed on the steamer. I went to see him where they had him in irons in a little cell aft, and I don't think I've ever seen a more villainous-looking chap in my life. The Captain gave me the knife as a souvenir. It was of some Eastern make and I brought it back to hang on the wall among my other trophies."

"What became of the man?"

"I don't know. They said he slipped his irons when the steamer arrived at Liverpool and escaped."

"Now," I said, "what was the outcome of that night when I left you?"

Herman's face grew a shade paler, "Oh! nothing," he replied, "but, by the way, here is a slip of paper," taking a square of white tissue, covered with irregular hieroglyhs, from his pocketbook, that I found on the floor of my room just before I sailed. How it got there I don't know." As he leaned over to hand me the paper the caraffe between us fellshattered as if some one had struck it a sharp blow. "I think we had better move out of this draft," Herman said; "see, it has cracked the glass." "More like a stray bullet," I thought, but said nothing. We withdrew to a more retired corner and finished our dinner almost in silence. When we went into the smoking-room I examined the paper Herman had handed me. It bore a small red stamp as though it was an official document.

"Herman," I said, "there is Snare, the secretary of the Philological Society. He knows all these Eastern tongues. Come over with me and I will see if he can't translate it for you."

The little man bowed profoundly when I introduced Herman.

"You are something of a traveler," he said, in his usual urbane way. "I know your book on the 'Secret Institutions of the Maoris,' and a valuable work it is. What is this?

He exchanged his glasses and pored in his owl-like way over the paper.

"From what I can make out," he said at length, "it appears to be something in the nature of a death warrant—very curious, I dare say."

"Light another cigar," Herman said, "and come up with me to the billiard-room. I don't think my hand's unsteady, but I have some business to-night that may take a clear head and a firm hand." He played a superb game, and ran out almost before I had scored. "I am going down to that Chinese den to-night, Charles. It is full moon, and there is a meeting of the society. From certain little occurrences of late, I think I have some matters to settle with them." "I will go with you!" I exclaimed. "No," he said, "I am going alone." "Never!" I replied. "I deserted you once; this time I will remain with you. I am not blind. I see it all; that man with the knife; the broken glass; this paper. Your life is in peril. You must not go. Call on the police! Can a man be killed by assassins here in this city, forewarned—knowing his danger?"

Herman smiled. "Of what use are the police? Have I a particle of evidence that would pass muster in a court of law? Do you think I could turn aside the vengeance of that great brotherhood? The assassins I do not fear, but I am not afraid to go openly to their meeting and defy them. It is simply a question of money. 'Charters,' he said, in a softer voice, 'you know I never used to care for lire, but there is some one else now, and for her sake I am unwilling to throw my life away. Come with me if you choose. Whatever happens to me you are safe. Take this,' drawing a packet addressed in his clear, angular hand from his coat, 'and if the worst comes break the news as gently as you can for my sake.'"

In a few moments we were whirling down Broadway and along Park Row, bright with electric lights, and a little later were climbing the precipitous stairs that led to the lodge room. There was a man at the door who would have prevented our entering, but Herman brushed him aside and forced his way into the hall. He was right; there was a meeting of the lodge. Two large red candles flared before the shrine and a flood of mellow light shone through the doorway of the inner room, while two great globular lanterns threw strange, reticulated shadows over the hall and its occupants. The old man with bleared eyes sat behind a table in front of the shrine. He was dressed in a rich brocade gown and wore on his head a curious fantastic ornament. Incense was burning in a vase, and a short glittering sword lay on the table before him. The chairs on either side were occupied with motionless figures and in the rear there was a crowd of men who seemed filled with astonishment at our entrance.

Herman walked deliberately across the open space, I followed close behind, until he stood in front of the tribunal. Then drawing the paper from his pocket, he advanced directly to where the old man sat, thrust it in his face, and said, "What is the meaning of this foolery?" Two men with halberds stepped forward as if to strike him down, but Herman seized the short sword and cried, "Move one step, and and your master is a dead man." The old man spoke a few words in Chinese and they retreated. "Now!" Herman said, "What do you want of me? I am here. Speak!"

"We are men of peace," the old man answered at last, in a hollow voice, "We know not the writing or what brings you here." Herman gave a quick, impatient gesture, and with his eyes riveted on the old man's made several passes of the sword over his head. The old man fell back as if in a trance. There was perfect silence for a moment. Then his lips moved, and in faint, broken tones he said, "It is written in our book that a stranger would come, who would come, who would give the sign. We cast the lots, and they said he must be sent to join the ghosts—Moy Sing Wong was appointed—the stranger lives—but Moy Sing has not returned."

While all seemed paralyzed with amazement and fear, Herman pushed me backwards towards the door. No one obstructed our way, and Herman, still carrying the sword, followed me down the dark stairs into the gloomy street. We went directly to his rooms. He rang for his man and ordered him to bar the shutters and doors and admit no one. "It is very late," he said, "You need rest." Can you call for me to-morrow at twelve? We will talk this strange business over. Here, take this," handing me a pistol, "but you have no need for fear. It is my affair. I will sleep now."

"Let me remain with you," I said. "No. It is better for you to go. Good night, old fellow. Remember! to-morrow at twelve."

I slept but little that night, and punctually at the hour, without breakfast, for I could not eat, I went down to the old house in the square. Herman's man let me in. "Master is expecting you," he said. I went directly to his rooms. To my surprise the door was ajar. Herman sat in his easy chair bending over a little half-faded bunch of flowers. "Hello!" I cried. He did not move.

"Chauntfair! Herman!" He did not answer. I touched him. He was dead. There was a dark stain on his shirt front and on the floor, and in his breast stuck a knife with a curious heft, from which fluttered a scrap of blood-stained paper. It was the death warrant of the league, the Society of Heaven and Earth.

With a Moral.

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it ran away, one summer day, where lambs should never go. Then Mary sat her down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found that little lamb—she did not advertise. Now, Mary had a brother Jim, who kept a country store; he sat him down and smoked his pipe and watched the open door. And as the people passed along, but did not stop to buy, Jim still sat down and blinked his sleepy, sleepy eyes. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. "How is it, sister, that the other merchants here sell all their goods and pay their bills and thrive from year to year?" Remembering well her own bad luck, the little maid replies: "The other merchants get there, Jim, because they advertise."

Standing Alone.

O little white feet, striving bravely
To mark out a path of your own,
You're learning the lesson so early
Of trying to stand all alone.

A wearisome lesson, my darling,
And harder for women than men,
A lesson that must be repeated,
Ah! over and over again.

Those tender white feet oft will stumble
Life's path is so rough, little one,
You know not the rocks and the pitfalls
That lie on the path just begun.

But we, from the year that have met us
Cry out as we think of the road,
How gladly we'd shorten the distance,
How gladly we'd lighten the load.

To arms now outstretched to protect you,
How often in vain you will turn,
And learning to do without them
Is the hardest of all to learn.

Oh, little white feet, made for kisses,
You often will ache 'neath your load,
You will wearily count each milestone
And long for the end of the road.

The way will seem long, little traveler,
Till the sun sinks down in the west,
But 'twill bring you at last, my darling,
To the beautiful city of rest.

—Florence A. Jones in New York Home Journal.

MY TRAVELING COMPANION.

"This letter, my dear Harry, will introduce to you my friend, Mr. John White, who proposes spending a few days in Geneva. Any services that you may be able to render him, either in the way of pleasure or business, as the object of his visit combines both, will be greatly appreciated by

"Yours truly, FRANK MORTIMER."

The above brief letter of introduction, addressed to Henry Dilwyn, in Genoa, Switzerland, I, the aforsaid John White, bore safely in an inside coat pocket, as I reclined comfortably in a corner seat of a first-class compartment in the through night express. We had left Paris at eight o'clock, and we were speeding through *la belle* France (I had picked this phrase up somewhere, and though my knowledge of French is really distressingly limited, what little I do know of it I like to air on all possible occasions), at the rate of about forty-five miles an hour, upon what would have been a lovely moonlit night had not the weather—well, to simply say that it rained, would from the very inexpressive mildness of the term, have provoked a smile of derision from any one who might have unfortunately have been subjected to its fury.

It came down in great round drops, which thumped with wearisome monotony upon the roof of the carriage, and beat violently upon the window panes. Indeed, it seemed as if the elements of air and water had combined their forces in a powerful effort to impede the onward flight of the mighty steam monster, in very jealousy at the display of its superior strength, but which dashed defiantly through them, despite their furious assaults. The big drops came trickling down the panes inside, and at times actually seemed to precolate through the roof over my head and fall down upon me. There was literally "water, water every where;" though my situation was so far better than that of the Ancient Mariner in that there was plenty of drops to drink, had I been so minded. Instead of being stagnant, the water was of the liveliest description.

At Dijon a gentleman had entered my compartment—of which before I had been the sole occupant. Unmistakably a native, from the style of his dress and manner, the former showing the finished elegance of the latest Parisian mode, and the latter that easy well bred air of native politeness and perfect ease, which are the distinguishing characteristics of every true Frenchman. He had esconced himself in the corner furthest from me, and was appearantly soon sound asleep.

I could not help envying him the readiness with which he had "dropped off" as all my endeavors to woo the approach of the balmy god had been futile. In fact, I had never felt more wide awake in the whole course of my life before, owing probably to the novelty of my situation, never having traveled by rail at night before, and the impossibility of making myself thoroughly comfortable, to say nothing of the continuous uproar made by the outer elements, making me apprehensive lest the train might, at any moment, be blown clear off the rails, or else come to a dead stand through sheer inability to longer contend against the overpowering forces opposed to it.

Presently my traveling companion looked up—so he had been only dozing after all, I thought—gazed out of the window for a few moments, and then, catching my eye, observed in French:

"The storm is terrible, sir."

"*oui, monsee, oui,*" I replied, though not exactly catching his words.

Could I have only conversed with him in French, what a relief it would have been to have broken the monotony of this enforced silence! However, talking bad French, even to a Parisian, was, under the circumstances, better than not talking at all; and I hoped he would say something more, for, desirous as I was of loosening my tongue, I did not dare venture first upon a remark. I had blushed painfully when replying to him, and he had again looked out of the window, doubtless to conceal a smile which he was too polite to betray at my barbarious pronunciation.

In a minute or two more my companion shook his head despondently, and looking at me, remarked with some emphasis:

"*Quel temps!*"

I knew that *quel* meant what and *temps* time; but whether he was asking me what time it was, or saying something else, I could not be quite sure. But rather than be thought impolite in taking no notice of his remark, I would run the risk of appearing ridiculous; so taking out my watch I held it up before him—for I hadn't the remotest idea how to tell the time in French—so that he could see for himself. His manner, I thought, betrayed a little surprise at my action; but he looked at it, said "*merci,*" and sank back in his seat again; but in a few moments, he again turned toward me and said—of course in French—slowly and distinctly, so that I might catch every word, for my inefficiency in his language must have been quite apparent to him:

"We arrive at Macon in six hours, sir, do we not?"

Now what the duce did he mean? I blushed, stammered, hesitated, but catching at the word Macon, the place at which we would next stop, I said in a hesitating and vague sort of way:

"Ah—*oui—monsieur;* Macon—*oui.*"

My companion looked a little puzzled himself; blushed slightly—at my stupidity no doubt—and repeated:

"*Oui, monsieur, a les six heures?*"

"Ah, *oui, oui, Monsieur* Cæsar," I replied, though what he had to do with it I couldn't imagine. But perhaps my companion was kindly endeavoring to enlighten me upon some point in ancient Roman history, in which Julius Cæsar and the town of Macon had played important parts.

There was silence for some few minutes, and then my companion spoke again, with slow and clear enunciation—it was very kind of him, no doubt; but then he was a Frenchman—no one else would have taken the trouble.

"*Vous savez Lausanne, monsieur?*"

Again I was fairly nonplused; and once more I blushed, stammered and looked painfully confused, and he appeared equally so. No wonder he felt for me, for my embarrassment was excessive. We sat staring at each other in a ludicrously helpless sort of a way for a few moments, until, feeling the desperate necessity of saying something as a relief to our mutual embarrassment, I remarked quite recklessly, and with an utter indifference to the possible consequences:

"*Oui, monsieur, savez Lausanne.*"

Perhaps by repeating his words he might think I was only intelligently corroborating what he had said. But still I was tormented by a suspicion that he might be asking me questions, in which case he would certainly have a right to expect, by way of reply, something more than a repitition of his own words.

He said no more, but sank back in his corner with a helpless and bewildered sort of air. For the space of three following hours an unbroken silence reigned in that compartment. The rain still descended, and the winds beat upon us; but on through the darkness and storm we sped. The fury of the elements, however, was well nigh spent, and it was possible we might have a fairly clear morning after all. During all this time I occasionally glanced in the direction of my traveling companion, and invariably found him looking furtively at me. There was, I thought, a peculiar expression on his face with all his native politeness he could not altogether repress it—of pity mingled with contempt; and when he caught my eye he would look quickly away, no doubt to conceal his only too plainly apparent opinion of me. I too would avert my gaze as quickly, with a sense of painful humiliation.

Morning began to break among the lovely Swiss mountains. It had nearly cleared away, and the view was beautiful in the extreme; grand enough, indeed, to have moved the most unimpressionable of human beings to an enthusiastic expression of delight. We both gazed eagerly at the lovely scene before us. Sunrise among the Swiss mountains! What could be more enchanting?

It was too much for the Frenchman to remain silent under, and he exclaimed rapturously:

"*Il est grand; magnifique!*"

"*Oui,*" I cried with equal enthusiasm, and utterly indifferent to the proprieties of the Gallic tongue; "*les magnifisant; grandissimo!*"

We continued to gaze out on the lovely prospect before us, growing more beautiful every moment, until we reached the little frontier town, where we alighted to take a stretch up and down the platform and obtain some refreshment. We inhaled with a keen relish the fresh morning air after the stuffy atmosphere of the railway carriage, and enjoyed with heightened pleasure the broader and grander view obtained from the platform of the little station. With my native American instinct it didn't take me long to comprehend that my traveling companion, from certain suggestive motions upon his part, was inviting me to "take something" with him: such as pointing to the door of the buffet, which stood temptingly open, raising his hand to his mouth and going through a Barmecidian performance supposed to be symbolical of a person in the act of drinking. He had evidently taken quite a fancy to me, and I more than ever regretted that I couldn't enjoy the full pleasure of social companionship with him from my inability to speak his language. But if I couldn't in words I accepted the spirit of his invitation, and a moment or two afterward we were "bracing us" after the fatigue of our long journey upon a couple of sandwiches and brandy and soda. I, in my turn, invested several francs in cigars, from which my companion made choice of two, and we then returned to our seats in the carriage.

For the firet half hour or so after resuming our journey, our remarks were confined to the short, ejaculatory expressions of admiration which were, from time to time, evoked by the beauty of the scenery. Although nothing is more repugnant to me than the idea of sounding one's praises, or, more musically expressed, blowing one's own trumpet, still, I will, for this once, take the reader into my confidence and assure him that, although I bear a rather prosaic, not to say a somewhat plebian name, I am nevertheless endowed with a highly poetic and emotional nature, and a soul keenly susceptible to the influences of the beautiful in nature and art.

Upon the present occasion my enthusiasm, receiving, perhaps, an additional stimulus and glow from the peculiar nature of the spirit working within me, was not to be repressed into a chill, unsympathetic silence through any such trifling impediment as my inability to speak the French language. The aforsaid spirit was now beginning to extend its insidious influence in an upward direction—for not being in the habit of breakfasting upon brandy and soda water, it is no wonder if, on the present occasion, it disagreed with me a little—I became possessed with an irrestible impulse to give audible vent to my pent-up feelings in an altogether free and unrestrained way. Out of polite consideration for my companion, I should have to refrain from expressing my raptures in a language which probably would be quite unintelligible to him; but as speak out I must, or else suffer untold discomfort from suppression of the emotions effervescing within me, I began to seriously meditate a reckless and indiscriminate assault upon the French language as the only safty-valve available. Like a lighted match dropped into a powder magazine, so presently came the incendary spark that was to kindle into insuppressible flame the smouldering fires of enthusiasm.

Just beyond a sharp curve in the road there suddenly burst upon us one of the grandest spectacles I ever beheld; a scene whose enchanting loveliness will ever be indelibly impressed upon my memory. The sun was just rising above a mountain top, and pouring down upon the cool, dark green foliage in the valley below, and upon the opposite mountain sides a flood of rich golden splendor.

"See, Monseer, see!" I exclaimed excitedly. "*Beholdez le* specktacle *grandissimo splendissima!*"

"*Grande, grande!*" cried the Frenchman, with equal enthusiasm. "Ah, it is a wonderful sight."

"*Oui, oui, monsieur!*" I again exclaimed, rapturously. "*Grandissimo, raressimo; bravo bravissimo!*"

My companion said something else, but not to be outdone by him in admiration of so glorious a view, I repeated in ecstatic tones, "*bravo, bravo, bravissimo!*" as if I were applauding a brilliant *coup* of vocal gymnastics on the part of some famous cantatrice at the opera, instead of expressing any raptures over mountain scenery.

Whether my companion thought that my breakfast had seriously affected my wits, or that I had taken leave of my senses altogether, I could not tell; but he regarded me with a look of mingled surprise and amusement, and presently remarked, with an effort to control his features:

"*Italiano, signor?*"

"*Oui, oui!*" I cried. "*Italianissimo! Signorissimo!*"

I had an idea that "issimo" affixed to the end of a word was expressive of the superlative degree of excellence to the thing designated by that particular word and only catching his last words imperfectly, I had taken them for expressions of admiration, and which I had put in the superlative degree as indicative of my own enthusiastic appreciation of the magnificent view before us.

"I speak Italian, sir!" my companion remarked in that language. "You are an Italian?"

Although I now felt sure that he had said somethimg which had no reference to the scenery, and that from his manner and expression he expected some reply on my part, how to make a suitable, or even, indeed, any kind of answer to his remarks, I had not the slightest idea. That brandy too, was now seriously affecting my brain, and I was beginning to feel confused and sleepy; and as I made no reply to my companion, as indeed I could make none, he presently turned from me, and looked from the window again for a few minutes; then he settled himself back in his seat, and stretching out his feet upon the cushion opposite, pulled his cap down over his eyes, apparently with the intention of going to sleep. Evidently he, to, was beginning to succumb to the soporific influences of our morning's repast.

I was soon in the land of dreams, the visions of my brain assuming the shape of an endless line of lofty mountains and "heaven-kissing hill tops" up whose sides I imagined myself heroically scrambling with the ambitious but utterly vain hope of reaching their summits. Then, presto, change! I thought I was hopelessly involved in the intricacies of the Gallic tongue, vainly endeavoring to comprehend something my companion was explaining to me, and which presently assuming the nature of a nightmare, filled me with dire alarm at the hidious grimaces and facial distortions he was making at me, just as some enraged Frenchman whom I had seriously offended, would be apt to do. Indeed, so threatening did his manner and so murderous his countenance become, that I believe in a moment more I should have awarded both myself and my companion with a most unearthly yell, had not, providentially the word *Geneve* just at that very instant been shouted into my ear, thus answering the same purpose, and arousing me from the hideous vision of my dreams.

I sprang from my seat and gathered my traps together, observing that my companion had already collected his things, and was about to leave the carriage. We shook hands in quite a friendly manner when parting at the door. He said, "*Bon jour, monsieur.*" I replied, "Bongjure, monseer," feeling that this time I had responded quite intelligently, and he hurried away, while I followed more leisurely to the street in quest of a public conveyance to take me to the hotel.

As a pressing affair of business demanded my earliest attention, I decided to call, on my way to the hotel, upon the person to whom I carried my letter of introduction from our mutual friend, Frank Mortimer, as he might be of service to me in the matter I had in hand. I showed the address upon the envelope to a hackman, and intimated to him that he was to take me to the place designated therein. He soon had my luggage safely deposited on the top of his vehicle, closed the door, and was about to start, when he checked his horses, jumped from the box and opened the door. Not a little to my surprise, my traveling companion of the night before got in. We smiled at each other and interchanged ejaculations expressive of our pleasure at meeting again so soon and unexpectedly, but made no further attempt at conversation. I could not free myself from an unpleasant conviction that I had made a fool of myself already, and I was resolved to guard against any tendency in that direction again; so I looked out of the window at the different objects of interest we passed on the way, and maintained a discreet silence until the carriage stopped before the door of a house. The driver jumped down, opened the carriage door and I got out, my companion also alighting. I briefly intimated to the former that he was to wait for me, went to the house and rang the bell, my fellow passenger, to my surprise, followed me up the steps to the door. Could the driver have made a mistake, I thought, or was this possibly the residence of my companion? It was certainly stupid of me not to have ascertained before getting out; but to dispel all doubt and relieve my perplexity, I drew forth my letter of introduction and showed the address to the Frenchman. Perhaps, if the driver had made a mistake, he might be able to set him right.

He took the letter, read the inscription upon the envelope, and the next moment, to my great surprise, opened it and ran his eye quickly over the contents. Then he looked up at me, and bursting into a laugh exclaimed:

"And you don't mean to say that you're Mr. John White?"

"What, do you speak English?" I cried in astonishment,

He laughed again, and regarding me with a look of intense amusement, replied:

"Being an American, I naturally do. But really I had no idea before that you did."

A sudden light flashed upon me.

"And you don't mean to say that you are Mr. Henry Dilwyn?"

"I do mean to say just precisely that and nothing else," he exclaimed with another hearty laugh, and taking me cordially by the nand. "Not another step beyond this house do you go today. In fact, here you abide during your stay in Geneva."

"You are exceedingly kind," I replied; "but I really cannot think of—"

"That's right; I don't want you to think anything about it," he cried; and before I could again express my disinclination to trespass upon his hospitality, he had darted down the steps, spoken a few words to the driver, and a minute or two after, my luggage had been safely deposited in his hallway. "Any friend of Frand Mortimer's, the very best fellow in the world, must necessarily be mine," said Mr. Dilwyn, as he conducted me into the sitting room, "and beside," he added, laughingly, "it does me good to behold once more a real, live Yankee fresh from his native heath. But pardon me, my dear fellow, you must be as ravenous as a wolf, and I know that I am."

He excused himself, left the room, and returned again in a few minutes.

Mr. Dilwyn appeared to be the very soul of sociability and hospitality itself, and it did not take me long to feel as if I had known him for years. He presently conducted me to my room, and when, after completing my toilet, I descended the stairs, I found a sumptuous lunch awaiting me.

"I keep old bachelor's hall here," said my host, as we seated ourselves at table, "and you will find the Hotel Dilwyn a plain, but comfortable establishment. And now, my dear fellow," he continued, with a humorous twinkle of the eye. "I am going to let you into a secret. Do you know I took you for a Frenchman at first; then I thought you might be an Italian; and finally I came to the conclusion that you were—pardon me the liberty of mentioning it—a lunatic."

I joined heartily in the laugh with which he concluded his brief account of his perplexity over my nationality, remarking:

"And I don't wonder, either, but you know when a person breakfasts on brandy and soda water, he is apt to become somewhat irresponsible for his acts—and language."

"I imagined that had something to do with your enthusiasm," said my friend with a laugh.

"Now, if you had only tried me in English," I remarked. "But I took you for a Frenchman, too; so you see it was a mutual misunderstanding. I imagined that you were horrified at my barbarous pronunciation."

"I don't know much more of the language than you do," laughed Mr. Dilwyn, "and to tell the truth, I imagined I was horrifying you by my pronounciation. This little episode will make interesting material for my next letter to Frank."

"Bless the dear fellow!" I exclaimed. "Let us drink to his health."

We raised the full glasses to our lips, and put them down empty on the table.

"Well done!" exclaimed my quondam traveling companion, with a merry and meaning look at me. "*Bravo! Bravo! Bravissimo!*"

Care of the Sick.

A feeding cup is useful when the sufferer is not too ill to drink, as liquids can be given without the head being raised from the pillow. When there is unwillingness to take food a little gentle persuasion will sometimes overcome the difficulty. It is useless to say in an authoritative tone, "You must take this," that instantly rouses every spark of self-assertion in the weakened mind, and the sick person immediately determines that he will do nothing of the kind, and no power on earth shall make him swallow it. When the drink is refused and the nurse finds that persuasion is of no avail, if she takes it away for a few moments and then offers it again with no allusion to the past refusal, it will sometimes be taken without any objection. A spoonful may be taken when a drink from a cup is indignantly rejected, or *vice versa.*

When food is persistently refused, as in some forms of mania, and it becomes necessary to administer it by force, the hands should be held by one person while the nurse holding the spoonful of liquid in her right hand, with her left gently compresses the nostrils of the patient. This compels him to open his mouth to breathe, and then the fluid can be poured in. It should be given just after the sufferer has exhaled a breath, or it will be sputtered out, and as he inhales the air the food slips down without his being able to prevent it. Occasionally the doctor is obliged to introduce it through the nostrils, or by enema; but this is outside the province of the nurse, unless she is especially instructed by him. In feeding an unconscious person, put the tip of the spoon between the teeth and try to separate them; the action will sometimes arouse the sufferer sufficiently to induce him to open them. When this cannot be done, insert the tip of the finger at the corner of the mouth, and draw it away from the gum sufficiently to pour in a little liquid. It will trickle in between the interstices of the teeth and find its way down the throat unless all power of swallowing is gone. Feed very slowly, and be sure one spoonful has been absorbed before giving another. Never allow any food, especially milk, to stand in the sick room. It should be kept on a shelf outside a window in an adjoining apartment.—*Good Housekeeping.*

IF conscience smite thee once. it is admonition: if twice, it is condemnation.

FASHION NOTES.

Midsummer is here, the time of rest. Yet most ladies find it necessary to add to or change in some particular the toilettes which a few weeks ago seemed the perfection of elegance. A charming novelty introduced by one of our prettiest young ladies is a chemisette, an exact copy of a gentleman's shirt front, in colored batiste or percale, with folds on the waist to prevent the puffing of the plastron. The collar is very straight and starched stiff. At the waist is a tennis belt of striped silk in two colors closed with an antique buckle or silver clasp, or what is more original, by a broad belt made of crocodile leather, closed by three thongs and three metal buckles. At the neck is the "regatta" cravat or the "*Lavalliere*" scarf, or it may be worn with nothing at the throat. With this chemisette is worn a cloth or flannel jacket. In brief, this toilette is intended to imitate that of the gentlemen of the sea shore who wear neither jacket or cravatte and with open vest. The idea of our "miss" is odd, and we know that it has been copied by the tailor, who has used it for many of his customers. Always in the same spirit but preserving the womanly style, plastrons of all kinds are made in batiste and muslin either plain white or figured, we give three examples all equally pretty.

The first is in white muslin with rose colored dots, very fine folds extend from the throat to the waist, the turn down collar is edged with a pleated ruffle, the cuffs of the sleeve match the collar. The second is the "collarette" *Clown* made with a full gathered front with a double "*rabat*" finely pleated forming great teeth. At the neck a small rolled collar.

The third is a "*rabat*" rather than a plastron, it is made of a collar of pleated lace and a cascade of muslin with a ruffle of pleated lace. The first two are intended to be worn with a vest or an open corsage, the other may be worn with a close corsage or with a V shaped neck. It is quite essential that all these nothings, these minute details of the toilette, should be dainty and coquettish. The large "*Anne d' Autriche*" collars in Irish gnipure have come again into great favor and all young girls are very happy when they chance to find one or two of them among the lace of their mama's. This collar is simulated in embroidered muslin. We have seen a pretty dress in marine blue surah with white dots, trimmed in this way with white emproidery. At the bottom of the skirt is two rows of embroidered insertion. The blouse corsage is gathered at the neck and at the waist, it is held at the waist by a double V and of surah fastened by a gold pin. Around the neck is a large collar of embroidery forming the "*Anne d' Autriche*" point in front and back. At the edge of the puffed sleeve is a band of embroidery with a small butterfly of white ribbon. It is very youthful, very pretty, and convenient to wear.

It often happens that ladies have white or black lace laid aside which is so valuable that it is not advisable to cut it. A very intelligent lady of our acquaintance has such lace and has draped it over a dress of gray china crepe in the form of a "*d' Angletere*" flounce. The flounce is sewed upon one side of the corsage, on the other it is fastened with gold pins, it forms a "*rabat*" at the neck and winds in a cascade on either side and is fastened on the left hip by its longest side.

This idea, I am sure will interest a large number of ladies who will be delighted with so simple a manner of utilizing fine lace. A pretty hat is in lace straw lined with black velvet, upon the front is a triple puff of black rose and straw-colored tulle, strings of black velvet cross the crown. It is difficult to imagine the quantity of puffs and rosettes of tulle that are used to ornament hats. A return is also made to plumes, particularly of black and white.

Another round hat is of black open work straw, upon the crown a cluster of sky blue plumes, a knot of blue velvet ribbon and a black aigrette. Narrow blue velvet strings tie under the chin.

Blue and straw-color are in great favor for hats. A capote of black straw has a garland of corn flowers surrounding the edge, these puffs of black, blue and corn colored tulle make the trimming.

Soon we will speak of the beautiful and fanciful jewelry that every one admires and which is very interesting.

FELICE LESLIE.

A Notable Achievement.

The remarkable achievement of sinking a deep shaft through treacherous ground by means of first freezing the earth, has been successfully accomplished at the Chapin mine, in Northern Michigan, by the Poetsch process. The contract was to freeze, excavate and curb up a rectangular shaft, 15½ by 16½ feet, and about 100 feet deep. This was accomplished by first putting down the freezing pipes three feet apart, in a circle 29 feet in diameter, to the depth proposed to be reached by the shaft. The pipes were connected at the top and filled with a solution of brine containing about 25 per cent. of calcium chloride. The brine was frozen to a point below zero by means of an ice machine, and in 40 days a frozen wall of ice, earth and stone was formed 10 feet thick. The excavation, in the meantime, had been going on, and 70 days from the commencement it was completed to the ledge 100 feet down. In spite of some difficulty from the percolation of water near the bottom, which was stopped by freezing. Except for this ingenious method, the sinking of the shaft would, it seems, have been practically impossible on account of the great inflow of water.

—While R. E. Campbell, Baldwin's trainer, owns Protection, the colt has been trained the entire season by Ed Brown (Brown Dick), who has charge of him now. Dick, as everybody calls him, receives so much per day for keeping and training Protection, and also receives 10 per cent. of his winnings.

Every duty which is bidden to wait returns with seven fresh duties at its back.

HORSE NOTES.

—Belvidere is again taking steady work.

—A. J. Welch refused $4000 for Star Lily.

—The Bard is said to have broken down again.

—The Rochester track dries out very quickly after a rain.

—Budd Doble has purchased the blk. g. St. Elmo, 2.29¼.

—Jeter Walden says he is open for an engagement as trainer.

—The average attendance at the Buffalo meeting was 10,500.

—Brown Hal, 2.12½, has been lame since his race at Cleveland.

—Madame Marentette has a new span of runners. They went a mile to pole the other day in 1.47.

—Proctor Knott ran a mile and a quarter in 2.09½ in a trial the day before the junior champion race.

—There were $69,124 invested in mutual tickets at Brighton on Monday, August 12th, yielding a percentage of $3456.20.

—Dauntless, sire of Gean Smith, Ed. Annan Thornless, Hendryx and others, passed under the auctioneer's hammer at Worcester, in 1877, for $350, so it is said.

—The Clarksville Park Association, at Clarksville, Tenn., has been organized and chartered, with W. F. Buckner President and A. G. Goodlett Secretary.

—Proctor Knott and Salvator met in the Champion stakes for the first time since the Futurity stakes last year. Knott was a little lame in his last race, having hit his leg.

—The Minnesota State Fair Association has hung up purses aggregating $10,000 for trotting, pacing and running races, beginning on September 6 and ending on September 14.

—Jim Gore, supposed to have broken down last year, is just now one of the best-looking animals at Saratoga, and is taking strong work without showing a particle of lameness.

—Up to the last heard of the great $20,000 purse offered at Fresno, Cal., in November, only two entries have been made—those of E. J. Baldwin and Porter Ashe.

—The mare Shamrock, who won the last race recently, has been disqualified for not carrying her weight for age, The purse will be paid to Bocaccio, the second horse.

—Hanover and Kingston appear to be almost invincible. As both are fresh and strong, with plenty of flesh on them, they are likely to perform wonders at the autumn meetings arouud New York.

—These are the probable starters for the Charter Oak $10,000 guaranteed stakes: Jack, 2.15½; Graylight, 2.16½; Alcryon, 2.17½; Hendryx, 2.18½; Granby, 2.19½; Geneva S., 2.16½; Sensation, 2.22, and Persica, 2.29½.

—Everything is ripe for the grand 3-year-old special sweepstakes which it is expected the New York Jockey Club will offer at Westchester. Proctor Knott, Salvator, Spokane, Tenny and Longstreet are candidates for such a race. Except Spokane's and Longstreet's parties most of the owners favor a mile and a quarter.

—The owner of the young stallion Nelson, 2.15, has had offers to take his horse to California and match him against Stamboul; to pit him against Axtell, and to trot for a purse against the 2.13½ of Maxey Cobb. Nelson may be counted a certain starter in the stallion race at Boston, and he is so sure of first money that a big field is not likely to oppose him.

—C. S. Green, the well-known and popular knight of the sulky, who piloted Lulu to her record of 2.15 over the Buffalo track just fourteen years ago, owns the fastest strictly trotting bred filly ever bred. The youngster is at the Forest City Farm, Cleveland is about two months old, sired by Patron, 2.14¼, out of Lucille Golddust, 2.16½, an average record for the filly, by inheritance, of 2.15½. The fastest colt ever bred is an unnamed youngster owned at Forest City Farm, by Patron, 2.14¼, out of Mattie Hunter, 2.12¾, which inherits an average record of 2.13½. The next fastest colt ever bred is owned by William B. McDonald, of the Jewett Stock Farm. It is the unnamed bay colt sired by Jerome Eddy, 2.16¼, out of Buffalo Girl, 2.12½, inheriting an average record of 2.14½.

—The 4-year-old stake at Buffalo, won by McEwen in 2.19, 2.19½, 2.21½, is decidedly the fastest race yet won by a 4-year-old stallion. The 2.18 of Sable Wilkes was made against time, and the 2.19¾ of Combat was in the second heat of a race in which he lost the other three in 2.22, 2.22½, 2.23½. McEwen was bred by Mr. James McEwen, of Franklin, Tenn., and purchased by Major Campbell Brown, with his dam, when only 8 days old. He was broken as a 2-year-old early in the summer, and in September won the Hermitage stakes at Nashville, making a record of 2.39½. As a 3-year-old he made a Breeder's record of 2.25½. This year he was in the stand up to July 1. He was started at Cleveland in the 2.24 class, and was fifth in a field of thirteen. He lost the fourth heat by a nose in 2.20, and was third in the fifth and deciding heat. The best time he showed at Ewell Farm was 2.19½. Beating this in a contested race shows he is not an exhibition horse. McEwen is a strong, muscular, lengthy chestnut, with excellent legs and feet; stands a shade under 15¾ hands and weighs 1140 pounds. His sire, McCurdy's Hambletonian (5-year-old record 2.26½), was by Harold, out of Belle (dam of Belmont), by Mambrino, Chief, and is own brother to Pancoast's dam. Mary M., dam of McEwen, also produced Annie W. (5-year-old record 2.20) and Andanta (4 year-old record 2.35½). Her sire, Bassinger, was brought to Franklin, Tenn., about the close of the war by two returned "rebs," who stated that they "captured" him from a well-known breeder in Kentucky, but fearing consequences, refused to give his name or locality.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG. 29

NOT A CONFERENCE.

The Meeting of Wallace, Pattison and Cassidy Declared to Be Accidental.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 27.—It seems the meeting of ex-Senator William A. Wallace the other day with ex-Governor Pattison and ex-Attorney General Cassidy in the office of William M. Singerly was purely accidental, and the reported conference was, after all, purely imaginary. The two gentlemen happened to drop into Mr. Singerly's office shortly after the ex-senator called, and knew nothing about the latter's intended visit. After a few pleasantries, which occupied but two or three minutes, the ex-governor and ex-attorney general withdrew, nothing having been said by them of a political character. The ex-senator was then left with Mr. Singerly, but at the same time a well known politician happened to be present. Politics was not discussed, the Clearfield county statesman's errand being purely upon business matters.

The reported conference has occasioned considerable comment, but it was stated today in emphatic terms that no meeting had been arranged, and that the coming together of the gentlemen named was entirely accidental. The gubernatorial nomination, it is asserted, was not discussed, and it is declared that the ex-governor and ex-attorney general were not present long enough to talk about anything.

In this connection it is said the ex-senator has adopted different tactics from that resorted to by him in 1886. Then, it is said, he was willing for the nomination to be brought to him, but wished it distinctly understood that he was not a candidate. Now he wants the nomination and is asking for it.

PISTOLED THE PORTER.

A Pennsylvania Highwayman's Vain Attempt to Rob a Pullman Car.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 26.—Charles D. Chambers, recently released from the penitentiary at Philadelphia, boarded the Pacific express on the Pennsylvania road early yesterday morning and endeavored to rob the passengers in the Pullman sleeper. Charles D. Stark, of Jersey City, a porter, grappled with the thief, who drew a revolver and shot the porter, inflicting dangerous wounds in the groin and legs. Other trainmen came to Stark's assistance and Chambers was overpowered and carried to Harrisburg, where he was locked up.

The stories of the porter and of Chambers are conflicting. Chambers says that he was merely stealing a ride and that the porter began firing on him. He tried to take the pistol from the porter when it was accidentally discharged. The porter says Chambers was sneaking about the berths and when discovered opened fire on him.

CORBIN WON'T RESIGN.

Reading's President Has No Intention of Retiring from Office.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—Rumors have been current for the past few days regarding Mr. Corbin and the presidency of the Reading railroad.

The Wall Street News publishes a statement to the effect that a prominent official of the Reading railroad said that Mr. Corbin would shortly resign his position as president of the road. Upon inquiry at the Reading office it was ascertained that Mr. Corbin had no intention of resigning. A high official of the company said that there was absolutely no truth in the statement, and that Mr. Corbin never contemplated taking such action.

The report, however, found some believers, and it was said that Mr. Corbin would soon resign, and would be succeeded by A. A. McLeod, at present the vice president and general manager of the road.

The Grangers' Picnic.

WILLIAMS' GROVE, Pa., Aug. 27.—The sixteenth annual session of the tri-state grangers' national encampment opened here with a large number of visitors and exhibitors from all parts of the country. The exhibitors met in the large auditorium building to arrange for business during the week. Nothing but miscellaneous business was transacted. The exhibition will be formally opened by Manager Thomas in a speech, after which the Hon. Leonard Rhone will preside during the week. It is expected that 10,000 persons will be here today.

A Brakeman Under the Wheels.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Aug. 27.—William H. Friend, of South Bethlehem, a brakeman on a shifting engine at the Bethlehem Iron works, was instantly killed. While Friend was applying the brake to hold some cars that were running down an incline at one of the blast furnaces, the brake chain parted, throwing him on the rails, the train passing over him, cutting off both his legs and arms and bruising his body. The unfortunate man was 28 years old and leaves a wife.

Two More Mud Run Suits.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 27.—The lawsuits growing out of the Mud Run calamity on the Lehigh Valley railroad last October received two additions in this this city. Patrick F. Dever, who was hurt in the collision, suing the company for $40,000, and his father, who wants damages for the loss of his son's services, suing for $5,000.

A Typhoid Epidemic.

ASHLAND, Pa., Aug. 24.—An epidemic of typhoid fever is prevailing here. There are a number of cases and three persons are lying dead from the disease. The citizens are much alarmed and the authorities have urged that street sanitary precautions be observed.

Arrivals at Castle Garden.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24.—The steamer Italy, from Liverpool, landed 166 steerage passengers at Castle Garden this morning. The Germanic, also from Liverpool, landed 428, and the Trave, from Bremen, brought over 620.

A Mine Gas Victim.

SCRANTON, Pa., Aug. 27.—Foreman John Jones, who was burned in the explosion of gas in No. 2 shaft at Olyphant last Thursday, died yesterday. Foreman Richard Mason, who was also burned, is sinking rapidly.

THE GATHERING VETS

Grand Army Posts Pouring Into Milwaukee.

TANNER COMES OUT FOR ALGER.

Judge Vezey, of Vermont, the Candidate of Eastern Delegates for Commander-in-Chief—Minnesota Sends the First Post of Indian Veterans—The Next Encampment Will Come East.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 27.—All the posts which will take part in the national encampment have arrived.

The streets are thronged with men wearing the familiar uniforms of the Grand Army of the Republic, and great interest is manifested in the opening exercises, which begin today.

Many prominent men in Grand Army circles have arrived, and the leading candidates for commander-in-chief are on the ground. Departments now here include Minnesota, Georgia, Michigan, California, Maine, Rhode Island, Oregon, Missouri, Wisconsin and Dakota.

The delegation from Pennsylvania, headed by Department Commander

NATIONAL G. A. R. HEADQUARTERS. (West Side Turner Hall.)

Stewart, Assistant Adjt. Gen. McCormick and Assistant Quartermaster Gen. Williams, escorted by Lieut. Lisle post, of Allegheny City, arrived yesterday.

A Post of Indian Veterans.

The first post of Indian veterans are coming from northern Minnesota to take part in the encampment. Many honors await them. Hassendeubel post, of St. Louis, have a flag which will be presented to the Indian veterans.

The east is well represented, both in the number of veterans present and visitors. The New England representation strongly favor Judge Vezey, of the Vermont supreme court, for national commander, while the west is unanimously in favor of Gen. Russell A. Alger. The contest promises to be a close and exciting one.

The City Overcrowded.

Every arriving train is three times its usual length. Near all the incoming passenger are civilians. There are but very few posts arrived yet, and when the scores en route get in it passes comprehension where they will be housed or fed.

The city seems overcrowded. The hotels, lodging and private houses are packed solid with cots. The committee insists, however, that provisions have been made for a quarter of a million visitors. Whether this is overestimated is a very serious question. Fortunately the weather is fine and outdoor camping will be more of a comfort than otherwise.

Trouble Over the Parade.

The inevitable trouble over the parade has broken out. As Commander-in-Chief Warner hails from Missouri, he naturally designated that department as his escort, with the Illinois contingent second. The latter claims that it is entitled to the right of the line or the head of the procession, and serves notice that unless the claim is conceded it will not march.

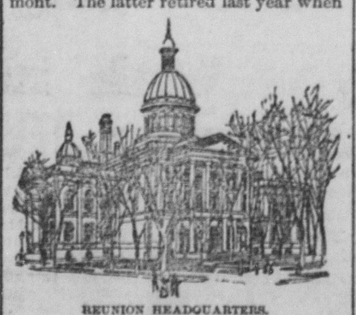
New York and Pennsylvania are assigned third in line, right behind Illinois, but these are satisfied and are not disposed to kick about precedent. As some of the advance guard of the Pennsylvania department said:

"We ain't sticklers as to where we are assigned. So long as we make a creditable showing that's all we care for."

Tanner Is for Alger.

Corporal James Tanner is quartered at the Plankinton house. As soon as it was known that he was in the city a great rush to see him was made. He held a levee for hours of veterans who approve of his administration of the pension office. Tanner comes out squarely for Alger for commander-in-chief. This has caused the latter's stock to rise perceptibly.

The eastern delegates will give their solid support to Judge Vezey, of Vermont. The latter retired last year when



REUNION HEADQUARTERS. (Court House.)

prospects were eminently favorable to him in favor of Warner. His supporters, therefore, insist that he is entitled by right to the office; but this the westerners refuse to concede. The latest argument in favor of Alger is that he can influence railroads for cheap rates next year. Private Dalzell has no following and Consigny, of Iowa, has only a state support.

Lost Both Arms and Legs.

One of the most interesting veterans on the ground is Benjamin Franklin, of Minnesota. He is the only living man who lost both arms and legs in the war.

Twenty New York detectives are here looking after crooks. Forty, so far, have been locked up, the majority of them being from the east.

Washington is the favorite for the next encampment, while New York and Boston have a good many partisans.

To Discuss Pensions.

It is given out that a large portion of the time of the encampment will be devoted to pension matters and that the Grand Army will reiterate its position on the dependent bill.

Tanner's administration will be indorsed and the granting of pensions will be urged to all disabled survivors of rebel prisons who lack proper papers. Also to allow reasonable pensions to all widows of veterans regardless of the fact that the husband's disability was of a different nature to the cause of death.

Gen. Sherman Gets Left.

For once in his life Gen. Sherman got left yesterday. He was booked to arrive by special train at 2 o'clock, and the entire executive council, with several bands and 2,000 spectators, were at the depot to receive him. When the train arrived, however, and a great deal of powder, music and cheers had been expended, it was developed that the grizzled veteran had been lost in the crowd on the platform at Chicago and that Ransom post, of St. Louis, the special escort, had been compelled to leave without him.

He finally reached town at 8 o'clock last night and received a royal welcome along the route to his hotel.

Gen. Warner, Governor Hoard and Gens. Fairchild, Alger and Rusk addressed a rally of the Sons of Veterans last night.

A. G. A. R. TRAIN WRECKED.

Fifty Passengers Injured in an Illinois Accident.

STREATOR, Ills., Aug. 27.—The vestibule train on the Santa Fe route running between Kansas City and Chicago met with a serious accident at Kinsman, a small station about fifteen miles north of here. The train was heavily loaded with Grand Army veterans and their friends bound for the Milwaukee encampment, and consisted of several extra coaches. By the spreading of the rails three coaches, two Pullman sleepers and the dining car were thrown from the track and down a steep embankment, a distance of about forty feet. Word was telegraphed to this city for medical assistance, and a special train was sent at once with a dozen surgeons on board. The wrecker was also sent out to clear up the track. Those most seriously injured were brought to this city and taken to St. Mary's hospital, where their wounds were properly attended to.

Those Dangerously Injured.

In all there were probably fifty persons hurt and though none were killed outright, the following are in a very dangerous condition:

Mrs. S. S. Dickerman, of Lawrence, Kan., chest and head badly cut. Little son hurt about back and face.

William R. Fish, Topeka, seriously, head injury.

Mrs. Fish, Topeka, head, back and arms.

S. F. Gould, Mulvane, back and face terribly cut,

Mrs. R. R. Tuckerman, Topeka, face badly cut and internally injured.

Mrs. Edward Andsley, Carrollton, Mo., arm, head and back badly bruised and lacerated.

Mrs. George B. Peters, Emporia, head and face mashed and cut.

George Peters, Emporia, hurt about the chest and face, also internally injured.

Mrs. S. S. Johnson, Norfolk, Conn., badly hurt internally and head and face cut.

The others are at the hospital, and the majority, it is feared, will die.

Sunday Ball Players Fined.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—The Cincinnati and Brooklyn started to play a game at Hamilton, O., twenty-five miles from this city, yesterday. About 5,000 people were present. At the end of the first half of the fourth inning eighteen policemen marched on the field and arrested the players of both teams. The mayor of Hamilton at once opened court and each of the men were fined $8.35. The Cincinnati club paid the fines of both teams and the players and excursionists returned to Cincinnati. There were between forty and fifty cars of Cincinnati people on the grounds. The score stood 4 to 2 in favor of Brooklyn.

A Murdered Man's Funeral.

NEW YORK, Aug. 26.—The funeral services of Christian W. Luca, the groceryman who was murdered by Charles McElvaine last Thursday, were held at the Mount Zion German Lutheran Evangelical church, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon. The Retail Grocers' association and the Brooklyn Knights of Honor attended the funeral. The church was crowded to the doors. Rev. E. C. Draelin, pastor of the church, in the course of his sermon said that speedy justice should be meted out to the murderers.

An Immense Ship Yard.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 24.—The News says that the Pennsylvania Steel company intend to establish an immense ship yard at Sparrow Point, twelve miles from Baltimore. The company will have the most magnificent equipment in the United States and possibly in the world for the construction of steel ships. This industry is to be carried on in conjunction with the iron and steel works of the company at Sparrow Point.

Contributions for the Catholic University.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 26.—The Catholic university at Washington has received two more valuable gifts. One is a cash contribution of $10,000 from the late Mr. Sylvester Johnston, of Louisville, Ky., and the other was made by Bishop Jeremiah O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., who sent a library of 2,000 volumes.

Twice as High as Eiffel Tower.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—Sir Edward Watkin has started a company, with a capital of £200,000, to build a tower in London for recreative and scientific purposes. The plan is to make it double the height of the Eiffel tower in Paris, and M. Eiffel will be consulted as to the construction of it.

A Ludlow Lad Leaps 101 Feet.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 26.—Joseph E. Russell, a 16-year-old lad, living in Ludlow, Ky., jumped from the Cincinnati Southern railroad bridge into the Ohio river, a distance of 101 feet. It was the result of a wager, and he suffered no inconvenience from the leap.

A Glass Trust.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—The manufacturers of window glass, table glass and crockery have formed a "trust" called the United States Glass company. They have bought up ten of the principal plants in New York state and Ohio, but it is not believed that the western manufacturers will join the association.

Outrageous Vandalism.

LONDON, Aug. 23.—Two memorial brasses of the Washington family have been stolen from the parish church of Sulgrave, Northamptonshire.

Kilrain's Bond Arranged.

PURVIS, Miss., Aug. 24.—Before the court adjourned Kilrain's friends arranged for his bond, which was fixed at $2,000.

THEY DID IT.

What? Cured among others the following. They write:

849 Central Ave., Cincinnati, O., January 4th, 1888.
Athlophoros Pills have cured me of liver complaint and dyspepsia. I gave ten of the Pills to a friend who is troubled with indigestion and he has improved wonderfully. F. H. ROWEKAMP.

16 Rosette St., New Haven, Ct., February 8th, 1888.
Athlophoros Pills worked wonders in my case of dyspepsia. EMMA L. CLARK.

Ath-lo-pho-ros Pills are small and pleasant to take, yet wonderfully effective. Invaluable for kidney and liver complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, headache, etc. They'll take away that tired feeling giving new life and strength.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N. Y

To make an intelligent test of this, try the following method: Hang a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking, and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and hang it up to dry and examine its condition carefully. We recommend ladies to make a similar test with French Dressing, and gentlemen with any liquid solution of Paste Blacking, or with liquid blacking that comes in stone jugs.

Wolff's ACME Blacking

Makes any kind of leather

WATERPROOF, SOFT, AND DURABLE.

Its beautiful, rich, GLOSSY POLISH is unequaled. Saves labor and annoyance.

A Polish Lasts a Month for Women, and A Week for Men, and on Harness Leather even Four Months without renovating.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

Sold by Shoe Stores, Grocers, and dealers generally.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May 12, 1889

				WESTWARD.			
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 p m				
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m				
"	"	Montandon	5 36 a m				
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 a m				
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m				
"	"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m				
"	"	Renovo	8 55 a m				
"	arr at	Erie	4 05 p m				
Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.							
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m				
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m				
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m				
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m				
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m				
Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.							
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	8 50 a m				
"	"	Harrisburg	12 15a m				
"	"	Montandon	2 03 a m				
"	arr at	Williamsport	3 05 p m				
"	"	Lock Haven	4 15 p m				
"	"	Renovo	5 15 p m				
"	"	Kane	9 10 p m				
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m				
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m				
"	"	Montandon	5 54 p m				
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m				
"	"	Lock Haven	7 57 p m				
"	arr at	Renovo	8 50 p m				
(Sunday Train.							
WMSPORT EXP	leaves	Philadelphia	5 34 a m				
"	"	Harrisburg	9 00 a m				
"	"	Montandon	11 03 a m				
"	arrives at	Williamsport	11 59 a m				
EASTWARD.							
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m				
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m				
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m				
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m				
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m				
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m				
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 25 a m				
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m				
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m				
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 p m				
"	"	Montandon	1 20 p m				
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 15 p m				
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m				
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves	Renovo	4 35 p m				
"	"	Lock Haven	5 35 p m				
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m				
"	"	Montandon	7 37 p m				
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 45 p m				
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m				
Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.							
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	3 00 p m				
"	"	Renovo	10 30 p m				
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 p m				
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 a m				
"	"	Montandon	1 20 a m				
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 15 a m				
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 a m				
Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.							
SOUTHERN EXP	leaves	Williamsport	1 30 a m				
"	"	Montandon	2 30 a m				
"	"	arr at Harrisburg	4 30 a m				
"	"	Philadelphia	10 20 a m				
Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.							

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

"Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P. M.	P M
2 05	10 15	7 50	Montandon	9 10	1 35	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.25 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.25 p m, 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 40 p m.

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Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

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1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
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   MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
9. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
10. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING; theoretical and practical.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History, Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PHYSICS; Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Electricity, etc., a very full course, with extensive Laboratory practice.
14. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Fall term opens September 12, 1888; Winter term, January 3, 1889, Spring term, April 4, 1889. For Catalogue and other information, address

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GUNS, REVOLVERS, AMMUNITION Etc., Etc.

A good stock of new guns just received at Deschner's Great Central Gun Works, Bellefonte, such as Double B. L. Shot Guns, Double B. L. Rifle and Shot Gun.

Single Rifles, B. L. from $2.57 to $12.
Single B. L. Shot Guns from $4 to $9.

Guns for the Farmer, the Spoting Man, and the Occasional Hunter.

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CALL AT THE GREAT CENTRAL GUN WORKS, BELLEFONTE.

MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored!

Just published, a new edition of

DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY

on the radical cure of Spermatorrhoea or Incapacity induced by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' practice that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This lecture should be in the hands of every youth and every man in the land.

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Sample of medicine free.

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$98 Sewing-Machine
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To at once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments.
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A popular treatise upon the Game and Food Fishes of North America, with especial reference to habits and methods of capture, by G. Brown Goode, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. With numerous illustrations and a magnificent frontispiece plate of a brook trout in nine colors. The work is published in one volume, Royal Octavo. Over 500 pages from new plates, on handsome paper, and elegantly bound. Sent free on receipt of price $5.50.

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SELOVER & ATWOOD, Nurserymen,
25ap5m Geneva, N. Y.

To Our Neighbors.

The question is often asked by our neighbors "Where I wonder, can I get a pure stimulant?" It is a fact that there is scarcely a roof under which you cannot find a stimulant of some kind. Old people prolong life with it; sick people have it to sustain life; well people may and do use it to make life more enjoyable, but where will we advise our readers to buy it? We learn from the most reliable source that Max Klein is one of the most popular and respected citizens of this country. At his home his word is taken unhesitatingly. To him we can cheerfully recommend our readers for anything in the liquor line. He authorizes us to say that for $1 you can buy one quart of six year old rye, or six quarts for $5. His "Silver Age" at $1.50 per quart is without doubt the best whiskey known. Send for price list and complete catalogue. His address is, Max Klein, 82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.—Mention this paper. 18july1y

NEW GARMAN HOUSE,

opposite the Court House,

Bellefonte, Pa.

The New Garman House has arisen from its ashes and is open for the public. New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells, and all modern improvements. Good table.

IRVIN HOUSE,
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S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor.
Terms reasonable. Good sample room on first floor.

BUSH HOUSE
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EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial.
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BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
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Good Sample Rooms on First Floor.
Free Buss to and from all trains.
Special rates to witnesses and jurors.
G. B BRANDON Prop.

CENTRE HALL HOTEL.
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FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality pure mountain water, surrounded by grand natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

SPRING MILLS HOTEL.
Spring Mills, Pa.
D. H. Ruhl, proprietor. Free 'Bus to and from all trains.

CAMERON HOUSE,
Corner Second and Market Sts.
FORD & ZERFING, PROPRIETORS,
LEWISBURG, PA.
Good Sample Rooms on 1st floor. Free 'Bus to all Trains. aug22'85

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Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
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Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities;
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Dentist, Millheim. Offers professional services to the public prepared to perform all operations in dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON:

The Nations Curse.

"Who slew all these?" II Kings 10: 10.

I SEE a long row of baskets coming up toward the palace of King Jehu. I am somewhat inquisitive to find out what is in the baskets. I look in, and I find the gory heads of seventy slain princes. As the baskets arrive at the gate of the palace, the heads are thrown into two heaps, one on either side the gate. In the morning the King comes out, and he looks upon the bleeding, ghastly heads of the massacred princes. Looking on either side the gate, he cries out, "Who slew all these?"

We have, my friends, lived to see a more

FEARFUL MASSACRE.

There is no use in my taking your time in trying to give you statistics about the devastation and ruin and the death which strong drink has wrought in this country. Statistics do not seem to mean anything. We are so hardened under these statistics that the fact that fifty thousand more men are slain, or fifty thousand less men are slain, seems to make no positive impression on the public mind. Suffice it to say that intemperance has slain an innumerable company of princes—the children of God's royal family; and at the gate of every neighborhood there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the household there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the legislative hall there are two heaps of the slain; and at the door of the university there are two heaps of the slain; and at the gate of this nation there are two heaps of the slain. When I look upon the desolation I am almost frantic with the scene, while I cry out, "Who slew all these?" I can answer that question in half a minute. The ministers of Christ, who have given no warning, the courts of law that have offered the licensure, the women who give strong drink on New Year's day, the fathers and mothers who hrve rum on the sideboard, the hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women in the land who are stolid in their indifference on this subject—

THEY SLEW ALL THESE!

I propose in this discourse to tell you what I think are the sorrows and the doom of the drunkard, so that you, to whom I speak, may not come to the torment. Some one says: "You had better let those subjects alone." Why, my brethren, we would be glad to let them alone if they would let us alone; but when I have in my pocket now four requests, saying, "Pray for my husband," "Pray for my son," "Pray for my brother," "Pray for my friend, who is the captive of strong drink," I reply, we are willing to let that question alone when it is willing to let us alone; but when it stands blocking up the way to heaven, and keeping multitudes away from Christ, I dare not be silent, lest the Lord require their blood at my hands.

I think the subject has been kept back by

THE MERRIMENT PEOPLE MAKE

over those slain by strong drink. I used to be very merry over those things, having a keen sense of the ludicrous. There was something very grotesque in the gait of the drunkard. It is not so now, for I saw in one of the streets of Philadelphia a sight that changed the whole subject to me. There was a young man being led home. He was very much intoxicated—he was raving with intoxication. Two young men were leading him along. The boys hooted him in the street, men laughed, women sneered, but I happened to be very near the door where he went in—it was the door of his father's house. I saw him go up-stairs. I heard him shouting, hooting and blaspheming. He had lost his hat, and the merriment increased with the mob until he came up to the door, and as the door was opened his mother came out. When I heard her cry, that took all the comedy away from the scene. Since that time, when I see a man walking through the street reeling, the comedy is all gone, and it is a tragedy of tears and groans and heartbreaks. Never make any fun around me about the grotesqueness of a drunkard! Alas for his home!

THE DRUNKARD'S LOSSES.

The first suffering of the drunkard is in the *loss of his good name*. God has so arranged it that no man ever loses his good name except through his own act. All the hatred of men, and all the assaults of devils, cannot destroy a man's good name, if he really maintains his integrity. If a man is industrious and pure and Christian, God looks after him. Although he may be bombarded for twenty or thirty years, his integrity is never lost and his good name is never sacrificed. No force on earth or in hell can capture such a Gibraltar. But when it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proved, then what employer wants him for a workman? what store wants him for a clerk? what church wants him for a member? who will trust him? what dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building up his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him.

When a man loses his reputation for sobriety he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. You are now achieving your own livelihood, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of immoral places, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.

Another loss which the inebriate suffers is that of self respect. Just as soon as a man wakes up and finds that he is the captive of strong drink, he feels demeaned. I do not care how reckless he acts. He may say, "I don't care;" he does care. He cannot look a pure man in the eye, unless it is with positive force of resolution. Three-fourths of his nature is destroyed. His

SELF-RESPECT GONE,

he says things he would not otherwise say; he does things he would not otherwise do. When a man is nine-tenths gone with strong drink, the first thing he wants to do is to persuade you that he can stop any time he wants to. He cannot. The Philistines have bound him hand and foot, and shorn his locks, and put out his eyes, and are making him grind in the mill of great horror. He cannot stop. I will prove it. He knows that his course is bringing disgrace and ruin upon himself. He loves himself. If he could stop, he would. He knows his course is bringing ruin upon his family. He loves them. He would would stop if he could: He cannot. Perhaps he could three months or a year ago; not now. Just ask him to stop for a month. He knows he cannot, so he does not try.

I had a friend who for fifteen years was going down under this evil habit. He had large means. He had given thousands of dollars to Bible societies, and reformatory institutions of all sorts. He was very genial, and very generous, and very lovable, and whenever he talked about this evil habit he would say, "I can stop any time." But he kept going on, going on, down! down! down! His family would say, "I wish you would stop!" "Why," he would reply, "I can stop any time I want to." After a while he had delirium tremens; he had it twice; and yet after that he said, "I could stop at any time if I wanted to." He is dead now. What killed him? Rum! Rum! And yet among his last utterances was, "I can stop at any time." He did not stop it, because he could not stop it. Oh, there is a point in inebriation beyond which, if a man goes, he cannot stop!

DEARER THAN LIFE.

One of these victims said to a Christian man, "Sir, if I were told that I couldn't get a drink until to-morrow night unless I had all my fingers cut off, I would say, 'Bring the hatchet and cut them off now.'" I have a dear friend in Philadelphia, whose nephew came to him one day, and when he was exhorted about his evil habit, said, "Uncle, I can't give it up! It there stood a cannon, and it was loaded, and a glass of wine sat on the mouth of that cannon, and I knew that you would fire it off just as I came up and took the glass, I would start, for I must have it." Oh, it is a sad thing for a man to wake up in this life and feel that he is a captive. He says: "I could have got rid of this once, but I can't now. I might have lived an honorable life and died a Christian death; but there is no hope for me now; there is no escape for me. Dead, but not buried. I am a walking corpse. I am an apparition of what I once was. I am a caged immortal, beating against the wires of my cage in this direction and in that direction; beating against the cage until there is blood on the wires and blood upon my soul, yet not able to get out. Destroyed without remedy.

I go further, and say that the inebriate suffers

LOSS OF USEFULNESS.

Do you not recognize the fact that many of those who are now captives of strong drink, only a little while ago were foremost in the churches and in the reformatory institutions? Do you not know that sometimes they knelt in the family circle? Do you not know that they prayed in public, and some of them carried around the wine on sacramental days? Oh yes! they stood in the very front rank, but they gradually fell away. And now what do you suppose is the feeling of such a man as that, when he thinks of his dishonored vows, and the dishonored sacrament—when he thinks of what he might have been, and of what he is now? Do such men laugh and seem very merry? Ah, there is, down in the depths of their soul, a very heavy weight. Do not wonder that they sometimes see strange things, and act very roughly in the household. You would not blame them at all if you knew what they suffer. Do not tell such as that there is no future punishment. Do not tell him there is no such place as hell. He knows there is! He is there now!

I go on, and say that the inebriate suffers

LOSS OF PHYSICAL HEALTH.

The older men in the congregation may remember that some years ago Dr. Sewell went through this country, and electrified the people by his lectures, in which he showed the effects of alchohol on the human stomach. He had seven or eight diagrams, by which he showed the devastation of strong drink upon the physical system. There were thousands of people that turned back from that ulcerous sketch, swearing eternal abstinence from everything that could intoxicate.

God only knows what the drunkard suffers! Pain files on every nerve, and travels every muscle, and knaws every bone, and burns with every flame, and stings with every poison, and pulls at him with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his creeping limbs! What fiends stand by his midnight pillow! What groans tear his ear! What horrors shiver through his soul! Talk of the rack, talk of the Inquisition, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the crushing Juggernaut!—he feels them all at once! Have you ever been in the ward of the hospital where these inebriates are dying, the stench of their wounds driving back the attendants, their voices sounding through the night? The keeper comes up, and says, "Hush, now be still! Stop making all this noise!" But it is effectual only for a moment, for as soon as the keeper is gone, they begin again: "Oh God! oh God! Help! help! Rum! Give me rum! Help! Take them off me! Take them off me! Take them off me! Oh God!" And then they shriek, and they rave! and they pluck out their hair by handfuls, and they bite their nails into the quick, and then they groan, and they shrick, and they blaspheme, and they ask the keeper to kill them. "Stab me! Smother me! Strangle me! Take the devils off me!" Oh, it is no fancy sketch. That thing is going on in hospitals, aye, it is going on in some of the finest residences of every neighborhood on this continent. It went on last night while you slept, and I tell you further, that this is going to be the death that some of you will die. I know it! I see it coming!

DESPOILS THE HOME.

Oh, is there anything that will destroy a man for this life, and damn him for the life that is to come? I hate that strong drink! With all the concentrated energies of my soul, I hate it! Do you tell me that a man can be happy when he knows that he is breaking his wife's heart, and clothing his children with rags? Why, there are on the streets of our cities to-day little children, barefooted, uncombeed, and unkempt; want on every patch of their faded dress, and on every wrinkle of their prematurely old countenances, who would have been in churches to-day, and as well clad as you are, but for the fact that rum destroyed their parents and drove them into the grave. O rum! thou foe of God, thou despoiler of homes, thou recruiting officer of the pit, I abhor thee!

But my subject takes a deeper tone, and that is, that the inebriate suffers from the

LOSS OF THE SOUL.

The Bible intimates that in the future world, if we are unforgiven here, our bad passions and appetites, unrestrained, will go along with us, and make our torment there. So that I suppose when an inebriate wakes up in this lost world he will find an infinite thirst clawing on him. Now, down in the world, although he may have been very poor, he could beg or he could steal five cents with which to get that which would slake our thirst for a little while; but in eternity, where is the rum to come from? Dives could not get one drop of water. From what chalice of eternal fires will the hot lips of the drunkard drain his draught? No one to brew it. No one to mix it. No one to pour it. No one to fetch it. Millions of worlds then for the dregs which the young man just slung on the sawdusted floor of the restaurant. Millions of worlds now for the rind thrown out from the punch bowl of an earthly banquet. Dives cried for water. The inebriate cries for rum. Oh, the deep, exhausting, exasperating,

EVERLASTING THIRST

of the drunkard in hell! Why, if a fiend came up to earth for some infernal work in grog shop, and should go back taking on its wing just one drop of that for which the inebriate longs, what excitement it would make there! Put that one drop from off the fiend's wing on the tip of the tongue of the destroyed inebriate; let the liquid brightness just touch it, let the drop be very small if it only have in it the smack of alchoholic drink, let that drop just touch the lost inebriate in the lost world, and he would spring to his feet and cry: "That is rum! aha! that is rum!" and it would wake up the echoes of the damned: "Give me rum! Give me rum! Give me rum!" In the future world, I do not believe that it will be the absence of God that will make the drunkard's sorrow; I do not believe that it will be the absence of light; I do not believe that it will be the absence of holiness; I think it will be the absence of strong drink. Oh! "look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright in the cup, for at the last, it biteth like a serpent, and it stingeth like an adder."

But I want in conclusion to say one thing personal, for I do not like a sermon that has no personalities in it. Perhaps this has not had that fault already. I want to say to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while I declare that there was a point beyond which a man cannot stop, I want to tell you that while a man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time. Years ago I was in a room in New York where there where men who had been

RECLAIMED FROM DRUNKENNESS.

I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but, somehow, since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it. I verily believe that, although you feel grappling at the roots of your tongues an almost omnipotent thirst, if you will only at this moment give your heart to God He will help you, by His grace, to conquer. Try it. It is your last chance.

I have looked off upon the desolation. Sitting under my ministry there are people in awful peril from strong drink, and, judging from ordinary circumstances, there is not one chance in five thousand that they will get clear of it. I see men in this congregation of whom I must make the remark that, if they do not change their course, within ten years they will, as to their bodies, lie down in drunkard's graves; and as to their souls, lie down in a drunkard's perdition. I know that it is an awful thing to say, but I can't help saying it. Oh beware! You have not yet been captured. Beware! As ye open the door of your wine closet to-day, may that decanter flash out upon you. Beware! And when you pour the beverage into the glass, in the form at the top, in white letters, let there be spelled out to your soul, "Beware!" When the books of judgment are open, and ten million drunkards come up to get their doom, I want you to bear witness that I to-day, in the fear of God, and in the love of your soul, told you with all affection, and with all kindness, to beware of that which has already exerted its influence upon your family, blowing out some of its lights—

A PREMONITION OF THE BLACKNESS

of darkness forever. Oh, if you could only hear, this moment, Intemperance, with drunkards bones, drumming on the wine cask the Dead March of immortal souls, methinks the very glance of a wine cup would make you shudder, and the color of the liquor would make you think of the blood of the soul, and the foam on the top of the cup would remind you of the froth on the maniac's lip, and you would go home from this service and kneel down and pray God that, rather than your children should become captives of this evil habit, you would like to carry them out some bright spring day to the cemetery and put them away to the last sleep, until at the call of the south wind the flowers would come up all over the grave—sweet prophesies of the resurrection. God has a balm for such a wound; but what flower of comfort ever grew on the blasted heath of a drunkard's sepulchre?

A diamond with a flaw is better than a pebble without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

Men and Women in China.

R. E. AVERY.

Formerly the poet's words "woman's position is deplorable" was true in the entire orient, but this was especially the case in the Chinese kingdom where, at all times, woman's position was a low one. Now woman's importance is exercised in a very limited sphere, in the narrow bordered circle of home life she finds her happiness—if she finds it at all. It is not to be wondered at therefore, if no other European custom astonishes the educated Chisese so greatly, indeed, fills them with terror, as this, that the foreign woman possesses social rights and privileges which equal those of man. Although the custom that the two sexes eat together seems to the educated Chinese an insolvable riddle—so is the share taken by both in the pleasures of life, the going together to the theatre (indeed more a custom) which agitates his nervous system in the highest degree. Nothing seems to the son of the flowery kingdom more ridiculous than the appearance of a foreigner who arm in arm with his better half takes an evening walk. The fact is it is extremely difficult to make clear to the Chinese the position and relation of man and woman in western countries. This comes naturally from the fact, that the inhabitant of the central kingdom has his traditions, customs, and usages which he thinks the only correct ones; and ours without an aspect of the united civilization of the east remain to him unintelligible. One frequently meets the outspoken opinion that the complete separation of the sexes in China, is the result of the contempt with which the lords of creation treat the tender sex. Much seems to speak for the truth of this theory; for in case the Chinese regard their women as worthy companions one would think to see them together in the streets, in the theatre, or even at the table. This decision is nevertheless entirely wrong and on the simplest ground; because the separation of the sexes in the flowery kingdom is an anciently introduced custom which was established primarily in order to protect the cleanliness of the manners of the women. The Chinese have not reached so high a standard of civilization that they can leave their wives and daughters to protect their own virtue. The education which is permitted the female sex in China is extremely scanty; for the Chinese believe that the motherly consciousness of duty will not be promoted through novel reading or the study of classic works. It is evident that the Chinese regard the French women as weak, and therefore consider it a duty to find ways and means, which as far as possible, will guard against similar trouble. One must not understand from this that the "pig-tailed" spouse has no confidence in the virtue of his wife. Farther the Chinese believe so firmly in magic and witchcraft that he fears the weaker sex might be influenced by the same. Hence one must explain the peculiar custom that, when in China, the man hands anything to the woman both must be careful not to touch each others hands, and for this reason the Chinese are greatly astonished over our custom of greeting, by shaking hands. The custom which is found in all China and which is demanded, is that men and women should draw their drinking water out of different wells, has likewise its origin in this. The same, however, applies only to the class which are assigned for their water supply to an open spring or well. A family who has a well on its own premises dares, without any danger, to use the water in common; since one cannot understand that a member of the same family would wish evil to another. However open wells are always used exclusively by men or women. One fears especially the mixing of an injurious substance in the water so that the women influenced by the professed magical means would be able to disturb the peace of the house.

The Chinese explain that men and women do not eat together in China because such a custom would offer both parties the opportunity to invite their friends to the table, without preparing themselves for mutual inconveniences. The reason that the Chinese do not take their wives and daughters to the theatre must be explained on the same principle, as they seek to protect them from contact with the world, entirely. Especially in this, that with few exceptions in Chinese theatres the most obscene plays are presented. Such a representation upon a European stage would have the immediate effect of closing the theatre by the police. Notwithstanding the subordinate position which is assigned in the Central kingdom to the female sex, still it is the position of the housewife and of the utmost importance. Indeed the German mother who can boast that the Emperor vouched for her son felt the importance of her position in no greater measure, indeed, one pays her no greater respect, than is paid the Chinese matron who sees assembled around her a number of sons or grandchildren, a striking witness according to Chinese opinion that she has fulfilled her mission in life in the highest, most satisfactory and credible manner.

Clinging to Old Clothes.

Mr. Gilbert's disinclination to spend money on stage clothes often caused some little annoyance to Mr. Wallack. I remember one time when a particularly elaborate scenic revival of "The School for Scandal" had been got up. Mr. Wallack was naturally anxious to have the costumes equally handsome. "I wish," he said to me, "John would get some new things." I suggested that Mr. Wallack should speak to him about it. "No, no!" was his reply; "it would hurt the dear old fellow's feelings. He's something like Mrs. Vernon, who thought her clothes were hallowed by antiquity. When she got through with them in regular order, she would begin all over again."

LIVES of sluggish ease bring discontent. The more we are rocked on the stormy waves and tossed by the winds of adversity, the stronger we grow. Indeed, some natures never develop in the sunshine; like the plant that only blooms at midnight, some souls are matured in beauty only through long hours of darkness.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY SEPTEMBER 1, 1889.

David and Goliath.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Sam. 17 : 32-51. Memory verses, 45, 46.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Obedience and Disobedience.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.*—1 Sam. 15 : 22.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Obedient Triumphant.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Confident in the Lord, vs. 32-37.
2. Fearless before the Foe, vs. 38-47.
3. Triumphant in the Battle, vs. 48-51.

GOLDEN TEXT: *If God be for us, who can be against us!*—Rom. 8 : 31.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Sam. 17 : 32-51. The obedient triumphant.
T.—1 Sam. 17 : 1-11. Goliath's defiance.
W.—1 Sam. 17 : 12-31. David's response.
T.—1 Sam. 17 : 52-58. After the battle.
F.—1 Sam. 18 : 1-16. David's honors.
S.—Psa. 124 : 1-8. David's song of deliverance.
S.—Eph. 6 : 10-20 Victory for believers.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. CONFIDENT IN THE LORD.

I. Cheering Others:
Let no man's heart fail because of him (32).
Let not your heart faint; fear not, nor tremble (Deut. 20 : 3).
Now I exhort you to be of good cheer (Acts 27 : 22).
Brethren, be not weary in well-doing (2 Thess. 3 : 13).
Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown (Rev. 2 : 10).

II. Devoting Himself:
Thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine (32).
Blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book (Exod. 32 : 32).
So will I go in:....and if I perish, I perish (Esther 4 : 16).
I go,....not knowing the things that shall befall me (Acts 20 : 22).
I am ready....to die....for the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 21 : 13).

III. Trusting Jehovah:
The Lord....will deliver me (37).
He delivered me from my strong enemy (Psa. 18 : 17).
Who delivered us out of so great a death, and will deliver (2 Cor. 1 : 10).
I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion (2 Tim. 4 : 17).
The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly (2 Pet. 2 : 9).

1. "Let no man's heart fail because of him." (1) Goliath's defiance; (2) Israel's terror; (3) David's appeal.—Failing hearts: (1) Their cause; (2) Their cure.
2. "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine." (1) The visible combatants; (2) The invisible helper.—The outlook of sight; (2) The outlook of faith.
3. "The Lord that delivered me,.... he will deliver me." (1) Deliverance remembered; (2) Deliverance anticipated.—(1) Past help; (2) Present confidence.

II. FEARLESS BEFORE THE FOE.

I. Arming:
He....chose him five smooth stones out of the brook (40).
The armour of righteousness on the right hand (2 Cor. 6 : 7).
The weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh (2 Cor. 10 : 4).
Put on the whole armour of God (Eph. 6 : 11).
Putting on the breastplate of faith and love (1 Thess. 5 : 8).

II. Advancing:
I come to thee in the name of the Lord (45).
He drew near to the Philistine (1. Sam. 17 : 40).
Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? (1 Sam. 17 : 43).
I press on toward the goal unto the prize (Phil. 3 : 14).
Let us run with patience the race that is set before us (Heb. 12 : 1).

III. Anticipating:
The battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hand (47).
The battle is not yours, but God's (2 Chron. 20 : 15).
Mercy shall follow me all the days of my life (Psa. 23 : 6).
In God we have made our boast all the day long (Psa. 44 : 8).
There is laid up for me the crown of righteousness (2 Tim. 4 : 8).

1. "I cannot go with these." (1) Human helps proffered; (2) Human helps discarded.—(1) Supposed helps; (2) Actual hindrances.
2. "When the Philistine....saw David, he disdained him." (1) Goliath's conscious greatness; (2) David's seeming weakness; (3) Goliath's supreme contempt; (4) David's unfaltering confidence.
3. "The battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hand." (1) Divine help; (2) Assured victory.

III. TRIUMPHANT IN THE BATTLE.

I. Ready:
David hastened, and ran....to meet the Philistine (48).
Be ye also ready (Matt. 24 : 44).
I am ready to preach the gospel....in Rome (Rom. 1 : 15).
Stand therefore, having girded your loins (Eph. 6 : 14).
Fight the good fight of faith (1 Tim. 6 : 12).

II. Skilful:
David....took thence a stone, and slang it, and smote the Philistine (49).
He teacheth my hands to war (2 Sam. 22 : 35).
The Lord....teacheth....my fingers to fight (Psa. 144 : 1).
Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit (Zech. 4 : 6).
That by them thou mayest war the warfare (1 Tim. 1, 18).

III. Triumphant:
David....slew him, and cut off his head....The Philistines....fled (51).
He hath triumphed gloriously (Exod. 15 : 1).
The wall fell down flat (Josh. 6 : 20).
We are more than conquerers (Rom. 8 : 37).
Resist the devil, and he will flee from you (Jas. 4 : 7).

1. "David hastened, and ran....to meet the Philistine." (1) David's antagonist; (2) David's helper; (3) David's haste.—Hastening: (1) Against his foe; (2) With his helper.
2. "So David prevailed over the Philistine." (1) With such completeness; (2) By such means; (3) Under such direction; (4) With such results.—(1) So completely; (2) So quickly; (3) So unexpectedly; (4) So happily.
3. "When the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled," (1) The dead giant; (2) The terrified army; (3) The precipitate flight.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

HOLY BOLDNESS.

Characteristic of the righteous (Prov. 28 : 1).
Shone in Jesus (John 7 : 26 ; 18 : 4, 5, 37).
Based on faith (Isa. 50 : 7-9 ; Rome. 8 : 31).
A fruit of fidelity (1 Tim. 3 : 13).
Urged (Josh. 1 : 7 ; 2 Chron. 19 : 11 l. c. ; Jer. 1 : 8).
Prayed for (Acts 4 : 29 ; Eph. 6 - 18-20).
Illustrated in Abraham (Gen. 18 : 22, 23); in Jacob (Gen. 32 : 24-26); in Moses (Exod. 32 : 31, 32); in Caleb (Num. 13 : 30); in Aaron (Num. 16 : 44-48); in Joshua (Josh. 24 : 15); in David (1 Sam. 17 : 45-51); in Elijah (1 Kings 18 : 15-18); in the Hebrew young men (Dan. 3 : 16-18); in Peter and John (Acts 4 : 8-13); in Paul (Acts 9 : 29 ; 19 : 8; 2 Tim. 4 : 6-8).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

Saul being troubled by "an evil spirit from the Lord," David was brought to him, as a skilful harper, to counteract this influence (1 Sam. 16 : 14-23). The shepherd boy became one of the armor-bearers of the king. (Two difficulties are connected with the narrative at this point: 1, the description of David as "a mighty man of valour;" and 2, the apparent ignorance of Saul respecting David after his victory over Goliath. The first may be explained either as referring to his youthful prowess as a shepherd, described in the lesson, or as an anticipation by the historian. The second is usually explained as involving a real ignorance of David's family on the part of the king, who had used the services of the young man, and forgotten him during the interval, or without troubling himself about his family.)

The Philistines again invaded Israel. They were encamped near Socoh, a well-known city, south-west of Jerusalem. The Israelites were "in the vale of Elah" ("the terebinth." Revised Version margin), but separated from their enemies by a ravine ("valley"). A gigantic Philistine champion appeared, and challenged the Israelites to send out an opponent, that the contest might be decided by single combat (1 Sam. 17 : 1-11). This occurred for forty days. During this period David, whose three older brothers were in the host with Saul, came into the camp, bearing provisions from his father. Reaching the army, he heard the defiance of Goliath, and inquired what should be done to the man that killed the Philistine. His oldest brother rebuked him for his pride; but David's repeated inquiries brought him to the notice of Saul (1 Sam. 17 : 12-31). Here the lesson begins.

The place was "the vale of Elah" (Authorized Version, "valley," which the Revised Version thus distinguishes from the valley or ravine in the center; see vs. 2, 3). The site has been identified, and is now called Wady es-Sunt ("Valley of the Acacia"), lying about fourteen miles south-west of Jerusalem, and about ten miles from Bethlehem. The Philistines were encamped on the southern side.

The time may have been within the year when David was anointed (B. C. 1063 or 1067, or this date may be accepted and a longer interval be assumed. The biblical record furnishes no data for determining the time.

Useful Plants.

Cloves and nutmegs have long been sold by Arabians and Egyptians to the traders of the Mediterranean, but where they came from was a secret until the Portuguese discovered the Molucca Islands in 1511. But they were soon driven away by the Dutch, who were for a long time so jealous of their new possessions, that it is said they destroyed the clove-trees in all the islands but one—Amboyna, where they obliged the natives to grow a certain fixed number of trees, from each of which more than two pounds of cloves were gathered every year.

The clove belongs to the myrtle family, and has large, bright green leaves. The flowers are of a delicate peach-blossom color, and grow in a bunch at the very end of the branches. When the petals begin to fade, the calyx or cup which holds them, turns yellow and then red; and it is this which contains the young, unripe seed, to which we give the name of clove. The Germans call the spice 'little nails,' from the shape. The red cloves are beaten down from the tree and dried in the sun, as, if allowed to remain on the tree till the fruit is ripe, much of the flavor is lost. Every part of the tree is highly scented, and the leaf-stalks have almost as strong a taste as the calyx. Pale colored, shrivelled cloves have had some of their oil squeezed out, and have lost some of their flavor in consequence.

The nutmeg-tree is taller than the clove, and bears small, white, bell-shaped flowers. The fruit is something like a small peach but more pointed at each end, and when ripe it bursts at the side, showing a black seed inside, partly covered with a sort of leafy network of a bright red color. This red substance is the spice called mace, which is dried for a short time and then tightly packed in bags. The shining black shell of the seed is larger and harder than that of a filbert, and as it could not be broken without injury to the kernal when first gathered, the nuts are dried until the kernals shrink so much as to rattle, and then the shells are easily broken.

The Dutch tried to prevent nutmegs from being grown in any island of the Moluccas but Banda, but it is said that they were defeated by the [illegible] who carried the fruit [illegible]

Accidental Discoveries.

Valuable discoveries have been made, and valuable inventions suggested by the veriest accidents. An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain. The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire. The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremburg glass cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That hint was enough. He drew figures upon glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew. The swaying to and fro of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of the pendulum. The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as she proposed to send away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off the impression.

The shop of a Dublin tobacconist by the name of Lundyfoot was destroyed by fire. While he was gazing dolefully into the smoulding ruins he noticed that his poorer neighbors were gathering the snuff from the canisters. He tested the snuff himself and discovered that the fire had largely improved its pungency and aroma. It was a hint worth profiting by. He secured another shop, built a lot of ovens, subjected the snuff to a heating process, gave the brand a particular name, and in a few years became rich through an accident which he thought had completely ruined him. The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. The origin of blue tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vast vats of pulp.

Give Children Something to do.

An important point in managing children is to always have ready something for the little hands to do at those times which come quite often on rainy and other days, when, tired of play, they listlessly gaze through the window or wander aimlessly about not knowing what to do with themselves. Children at such times are a great trial to the busy and often nervous people of the house, and are quite likely to be scolded, though such a course is so unwise and unjust that it can lead only to the worst result in the child's future. Calm and reproving words, kindly spoken, are necessary with all bright children and are usually very effective, but words uttered in a sharp, scolding tone must in most cases work an injury to the child's disposition. It is all the more sad, because the matter could be so easily managed by a very little attention on the mother's part.

How often we hear mothers or older sisters say to some little child who is full of desire to do right if it only knew how, "Do get something to do; how lazy you are; I never saw such a good-for-nothing child. I am sure I don't know what is to become of you," and a great deal more of such talk, which, alas, most people have heard too often. The child at such times is not in fault. It is the mother's duty to see that suitable work is always ready, and she should require the child to do a moderate task for which she should not be afraid to give a due measure of praise after it is done. Always be careful to see that the child is not kept too long at one task as such a course would be worse than idleness.

It is worthy of note that the work given to a child has a great influence in moulding the mind and taste. A child kept always at knitting stockings or cutting carpet rags will be very practical, perhaps too much so. A wise mother will have a variety of work, both useful and ornamental. Some parents think it useless to teach boys to sew or knit. It is not, however, for there are many times in a boy's life when such knowledge may be useful. I have often observed that many college boys could mend their own clothes while they were quite up in their classes. I think the subject should be thoughtfully considered by parents, seeing to it that time should never hang on their children's hands for want of something to do.

THE copious rains will make the grass grow, and the hay crop should be good, but rains make the weeds grow also. Before you are aware of it a field will be thickly covered. The crab grass will now spring up and take possession if allowed. It must be killed when young if the job of so doing is to be done with the least expense for labor.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON of Guelph, Ont., states that a cow in full milk will shrink fourteen per cent. if deprived of salt for one week, and that the average consumption per day by dairy stock, if allowed free access, is four ounces. It is an excellent arrangement to place a lump of rock salt where the cow can reach it when in the stall.

FARM NOTES.

OUR SHEEP STATISTICS.—According to a recent report of the Agricultural Department, the total number of sheep in the United States, January 1, was 42,599,079, against 43,553,755 in January, 1888, a net decrease of 954,676. Maine has 547,725 sheep, same as last year; New Hampshire, 194,772—decrease, 10,251; Vermont, 365,770—decrease, 27,531; Massachusetts, 59,505—decrease. 3,132; Rhode Island, 20,435—decrease, 417; Connecticut, 47,231—decrease, 1,968; New York, 1,548,426—decrease, 15,641; Pennsylvania, 935,646—decrease, 49,245; Texas, 4,659,451—increase, 135,712; Ohio, 4,065,556—decrease, 41,066; Michigan, 2,134,134—increase, 21,130; Indiana, 1,420,000—increase, 416,932 sheep.

When we consider the benefits derived by farmers from "the golden tread of sheep," the above figures are not encouraging. That only three States—Texas, Michigan and Indiana—should have added to the numbers of their sheep during the past year is certainly singular. The demand for good mutton, and the facilities for its production in the New England and Middle States, ought surely to have increased rather than diminished the number of sheep in those sections.

RENOVATING OLD TREES. — A writer in the *Agriculturist* makes the suggestion that much time and labor are uselessly expended in renovating old and worthless trees, which in many cases had better be converted into firewood. Such trees are often chance seedlings which have sprung up where a tree is not wanted. In the early settlements of the country many orchards were planted with natural fruit, and such orchards are yet to be found in the older States, the trees still thrifty, but the fruit as a rule worthless, though occasionally some tolerable fruits are met with. These old trees, if sound and free from decay, may be worth grafting with desirable varieties. If the trees are large it is better not to graft the whole top at once, but to graft a third each year, beginning in the centre. Speaking of renovating orchards, here is a point which may prove instructive to some of our fruit-growing readers: "At least half of the trees in a nine-acre orchard on the Michigan Agricultural College Farm were past help; the others were full of dead wood and all the foliage was yellow. The whole lot had never produced enough to pay rent of the land they occupied. The sod was plowed shallow, then harrowed, thorough pruning done, and two years later the crop was 1,800 bushels of apples.

WEEDS ARE THIEVES.—And those who procrastinate killing them on sight only encourage the purloiners of their crops. It has been well said that every weed which grows near a plant takes from the soil the elements of its support, and struggles for existence with plants for that purpose. In the dry season weeds will appropriate the moisture that may be required for the desirable plants. The best mode of withstanding the effects of drouth, therefore, is clean cultivation, whereby the grass and weeds are prevented from injuring the crop plants.

WEIGHT OF WHEAT PER BUSHEL.—Here are some figures which may set farmers thinking about the weight of wheat—whether the standard is too high or their crops deteriorating. The statistician of the Department of Agriculture gives the result of an investigation, through agents and correspondents, of the average weight of wheat per bushel, by States. The average weight of six wheat crops, those of 1883-1888, is set down 57.7 lbs. per bushel. The present average is still lower—56.5. The estimates for the Spring wheat region are all very low, from 53.7 pounds in Dakota to 55 in Nebraska.

CORN in the glazing stage makes the best fodder. If cut when the ear is hard the stalk is then (to a certain extent) woody, and if cut very young, before the ears are formed, the stalk abounds in water and is lacking in nutrition. When the ear is about filled and beginning to glaze the cutting of the corn at that stage arrests the nutritive elements in the stalk, and the fodder is then equal to hay, being fed to stock with the ears on the stalk or cut up in a cutter.

AN excellent mode of ridding animals of lice is to add one quart of kerosene to ten quarts of soapsuds, and with a hand sprayer or nozzle of any kind spray the emulsion on the animals. It will kill the lice and the eggs. A thorough sprinkling with potato water (water in which potatoes have been boiled) will cause lice to leave, but will not kill them.

HENS CAN'T CHEW.—A matter-of-fact writer advises poultry-raisers not to forget to remember that all fowls between the ages of two days and twenty-one years are without teeth, and must be supplied with sand and gravel in order to carry on the work of grinding the food. To relieve them of this work by feeding them exclusively on cooked food is to defeat one of their natural faculties, and to give them the grain without the means of grinding it, is sure to result in disease,

THE application of potash salts to fruit trees and vines seems to give better results than ashes. The question to be considered in this connection is whether the potash of the ashes first forms a salt with the acid of the soil before being utilized by plants. The potash salts usually give immediate results, which is not always the case with ashes.

IF IT can be done only occasionally it will be found that a thorough washing of the family cow will be of great advantage, ridding her hide of insects and cleaning away the dirt, thus permitting of a better condition of the skin. The udder should be washed at every milking.

IT is not too late to sow millet if the ground is now ready, but the sowing of the seed should not be deferred, as it yields heavily and may be overtaken by an early frost.

HOUSEHOLD.

THERE are few housekeepers that do not understanding canning fruit. It is not necessary to use any more sugar than just enough to sweeten to taste. When the fruit has been looked over and cooked in very little water with the sugar added, it is ready for the cans. Have them perfectly clean and sweet. It is always well to wash and scald them before using. Wet a cloth, fold it in four or more thicknesses and place under the empty can. Fill to the brim with the boiling fruit and screw on the tops. When cool, tighten the covers and put the cans away in a dark place. There is no danger of breaking the jars by putting boiling fruit in them if the wet cloth is under them. All mellow, ripe fruit may be put into the cans before cooking, if preferred that way. A syrup may be made according to taste, or in the proportion of one cup of sugar to one of water for each quart can of small, juicy fruit, and one cup of sugar and two of water for pears and large fruit. Add the water to the sugar and set it over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Place your can filled with fruit on a wet cloth and fill it with the boiling syrup. Place the cans in a boiler with a wet cloth underneath. Have some warm water in the boiler, not hot enough to break the cans, let it come to a boil and boil five minutes and seal at once.

HOW TO CAN TOMATOES.—Select perfect tomatoes, not over ripe. Pour boiling water over them and remove the skins. Cut in thick slices and pack in perfect cans. The same care and oversight should be given to them as directed in the case of the corn. Let them stand a little while and pour off any juice that may settle in the bottom of the cans, and fill up again with solid slices. Pack as closely as possible, screw on the covers and pack in the boiler as directed for corn, always having a thick wet cloth in the bottom and between each layer. Cover the jars with cold water and set the boiler over the fire. Let it come to a boil and boil two hours. Remove the boiler from the fire and let the cans cool in the water. When cold screw down the covers and put away in a dark place.

TO CAN PEAS.—Select peas with care, using only those that are green and tender. Select cans with care as for corn, fill them with the shelled peas, shaking them down and refilling until no more can be added. Into the cans pour as much cold water as they will hold. Screw on the covers and treat as per directions for corn.

APPLES, pears, quinces, hard peaches and all fruits that need softening, should be cooked in water till tender, or if thrown into boiling syrup it will retain its shape better. Fill the cans brimming full and add hot water if there is not enough syrup. A silver knife or spoon handle may be run inside the jar so as to be sure that the syrup fills every available space. Cover at once after filling, and when the fruit is cold screw the covers down again, and put away in a dark place.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in a tumbler of water; add three tumblers of new milk. Boil slowly till reduced to one-third (fifteen minutes). Beat the yolks of six eggs with one cup of fine sugar; pour the infusion on to the eggs and sugar and return to the stove. Stir it till it begins to thicken, then stir in the whites of the eggs. When cold whip a pint of cream to a froth and add it, and flavor with vanilla. Line a dish with sponge cake and pour the above over it.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Mix one even teaspoonful of mustard, one teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful and a half of vinegar. Add the yolk of an egg, beat all well together, then add gradually half a pint of olive oil. Pour the oil in a fine stream, beating the mixture rapidly meanwhile. More vinegar or lemon juice may be used if necessary to make it of the right consistency. A large bowl—two quarts—is most convenient for mixing this dressing.

TO CAN STRING BEANS.—Select beans that are tender and good, break off each end, or "string" them as kitchen parlance has it. Cut in pieces; small pieces pack to better advantage than large ones Pack in carefully selected cans as closely as can be, fill the cans with water, screw on the covers and follow the directions for corn.

CHICKEN PIE WITH OYSTERS.—Boil a year old chicken till tender, line a dish with a nice crust, put in the chicken; season with salt, pepper and butter; add the liquor, which should be about a pint, in which the chicken was boiled; cover closely with a crust having a slit cut each way in the center Drain off the liquor from a quart of oysters; boil, skim, season with butter, pepper, salt and a thickening of flour and water; add the oysters, boil up once, and lift up the crust and put them in about twenty minutes before the pie is done.

SQUASH BISCUIT.—One cup of sifted boiled squash, three cups of sifted flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of butter; mix the flour and squash well together, dissolve the soda in a little hot water, and fill the cup with milk, stirring the soda well into it; pour the milk over the flour and stir it in well, adding more milk if needed to form a stiff batter. Have the gem pans hot, put in the batter, nearly filling the pans, and bake in a quick oven. Eat warm with butter and maple syrup.

BLUEFISH are excellent in their season. As soon as you receive a bluefish, have it split and laid in cold water for an hour—that is, if you do not wish to stuff it. Take from the water, drain, and place on a broiler over hot coals. Turn often. When done remove to a platter, salt to taste, and baste well with butter. Set in the oven a few minutes and it is ready for the table. Bluefish grow soft and lose their sweetness in a short time, and should be cooked soon after they are taken from the water or ice.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

We have recently seen articles by writers who are well up in floral matters—or, rather, who should be—which say that one should never allow water to come in contact with the leaves of flowering, or Rex Begonias; this is all good enough so far as it goes, but it only tells part of the story. I have never found that a light sprinkling of water would hurt even the Rex varieties unless the sun was allowed to strike on the leaf when it was wet; then is when the mischief is done and not, in my experience, by the water alone. Unless perhaps water is allowed to remain standing in the curl of the leaf.

* * *

ORNAMENTING VERANDAS.

For the past few months this subject has been given great prominence by the press floricultural. Everything created in the line of climbing vines has been brought forward as just *the* thing for the purpose. We trust that the public will not see the result of this "boom" another season by extensively advertised novelties (?) offered by irresponsible dealers. While there is much in these articles spoken of which is of no value to the general reader, it must be confessed that the subject of properly ornamenting the exterior of our homes is not receiving the attention it deserves.

In all probability the press should remedy this state of affairs, which it can readily do by giving the subject consistent thought. Artistic taste must rule in this sort of ornamentation. The fact that our neighbor's house is covered with beautiful wistaria is no criterion for us to be governed by. Should there be a decided difference in the style of architecture between the two houses, the chances are that a wistaria would look decidedly out of place on our home. To further illustrate what I mean, we will suppose that our house is painted a shade of green; just imagine a purple wistaria climbing over that green back-ground. It would be an incongruity of colors that would make an artist shudder. To have the best effects in ornamental gardening we must study harmony of colors as well as surroundings generally.

The list of desirable climbing vines is too large for any one to make mistakes in choosing if they but properly give the subject thought. As an illustration; let us take for example an ordinary two story house painted a light buff with dark brown blinds, with a veranda running the whole length of the front, which has four pillars or posts. First we would procure some of the wide mesh netting made of galvanized iron wire, and, fastening it to the ground before each post, run it to the top of the veranda just under the roof, where it may be easily fastened. At either end one of the varieties of flowering honeysuckle—say Hall's Japan—may be planted, and at each of the middle posts plant an *Ampelopsis Veitchii*. If desired that each vine should be different, we would plant at one end a honeysuckle, next an *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, next a clematis, say a white variety, and at the other end another variety of clematis or honeysuckle. Of course this list may be varied according to circumstances. As is stands it would make an ornament at once delicate and attractive, provided the vines were kept well trimmed. Just here let me say that negligence in trimming causes more dissatisfaction than all else combined. The past spring I was called upon to trim some vines, honeysuckle and wistaria, that had been neglected until they had run up to the gable end of the house—a three story hotel—and twined around the ornamental scroll work. Judicious selection with due regard to harmony of color and careful after-treatment will do all that is necessary to beautify our homes as far as climbing vines are concerned.

Of course where vines are wanted only for a season's use it is best to depend on some of the annuals, such as morningglory, nasturtium, sweet peas, or perhaps the moon flower, all of which grow rapidly and give an abundance of shade.—*The Housewife.*

Half-Rate Excursions.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway offers exceptional opportunities for an inspection of the cheap lands and growing business centers of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Colorado and the Far West and Northwest, by a series of Harvest Excursions, for which tickets will be sold at half rates, or one fare for the round trip. Excursions leave Chicago, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. For full particulars address E. P. WILSON, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Illinois.

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The confidence of people who have tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, in this preparation, is remarkable. It has cured many who have failed to derive any good whatever from other articles. For diseases caused by impure blood or low state of the system it is unsurpassed.

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The Frazer Axle Grease lasts four times as long as any other. Use it, and save your horses and wagons. A trial will prove that we are right.

There never was an ugly man who did not excuse his looks by thinking that he was smart.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

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FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

Boil one-half dozen potatoes until well done, then mash, with a tablespoonful of butter, little salt, pepper, and three tablespoonfuls milk.

Have you tried "Tansill's Punch" Cigar?

Persevere against discouragement.

A DELICATE WAY.—"What makes you so thoughtful to-night, George?" asked Nellie.

"Well," said George, as he threw his eyes up to the ceiling and took a fresh hold upon her slender waist, "I was thinking that if your mother was willing to become my mother-in law I would like it very much."

"You would?"

"I would, indeed."

"Then, if it would afford you any satisfaction, I can inform you that I am quite willing that she should, and that she is also quite willing to act in that capacity in a quiet and unostentatious manner."

And thus, under the silent stars, the arrangements were concluded by which two lives hitherto running apart are to be blended into one, and a youth hitherto his own master is to stoop under the yoke of a mother-in-law.

LEMON SNAPS.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful extract of lemon, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a teaspoonful of milk, and flour enough to make very stiff; roll very thin, and bake quickly.

There is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir.
When e'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir.
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify.
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try
because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that it would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

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Meat and vegetables are much better if served when they are done than if left to get cold before they are eaten.

If Dobbins' Electric Soap *is* what so many insist that it is, you *can not afford* to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can *decide for yourself* very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

Flatter a girl by calling her a woman; flatter a woman by calling her a girl.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

Applied externally, instantly relieves and quickly cures Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pains in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other pain. CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small of the Back, etc.

CURES ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, DIARRHŒA, Colic, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Internally, half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

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An excellent and mild Cathartic, elegantly coated and without taste. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Purely Vegetable, Perfect Purgatives, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operations.

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I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

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$76 TO $250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. N. B.—Please state age and business experience. Never send about sending stamps for reply. B. F. J. & Co.

PENSIONS DUE ALL SOLDIERS Of 1812 disabled; par., etc. Prescription free. Laws free. A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Cincinnati, O., & Washington, D. C. Mention this paper.

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From the weakening effects of warm weather, by hard work, or from a long illness, you need a good tonic and blood purifier. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives a good appetite, strengthens the whole system, purifies the blood, regulates the digestion.

"It affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. My health two years ago was very poor. My friends thought I was going with consumption. I commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla, took five bottles of it, and to day I can do as hard a day's work as I ever could. It saved me from the grave and put me on my feet a sound, healthy man." WILL R. D. TRIBBEY, 144 East Main Street, Wiggonsville, Ohio.

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It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Consider how easily you can master German with the aid of this Dictionary if a half hour per day is devoted to study, how much benefit can be derived from the knowledge, and hasten to send for this first-class book. You will never regret it.

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The leading specialist in Youthful Imprudence. Young men contemplating marriage send for valuable Medical Book. Sent on receipt of 2c. stamp. Consultation hours 8 A. M. till 2 P. M., from 6 P. M. until 9 P. M. Closed Sundays.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous Success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all Brain & Nerve Diseases. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INVALUABLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Don Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

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Makes a clean sweep. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies. Stops buzzing around ears, diving at eyes, tickling your nose, skips hard words and secures peace at trifling expense. Send 25 cents for 3 sheets to F. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH **PENNYROYAL PILLS,** Red Cross Diamond Brand. The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand, in red metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Send 4c. (stamps) for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, AUG. 29

"THE RACKET."

Chas. B. Rouss,
Wholesale Dry Goods,
New York City.
July 1, '89.

To the Public:

We desire to say that G. R. Spigelmeyer has the exclusive sale of our goods in his town; his resident buyer has his headquarters with us, and is given first choice of every bargain we receive. Our arrangement with this firm is that he obligates himself to sell at one, small, uniform profit on all goods we sell him—no "baits," no misrepresentation, no overcharging, and no crediting to anybody.

(Signed) *C. B. ROUSS.*

The above explains itself. I am now in position to serve my friends in Penns and Brush Vallies, better than ever. When in Bellefonte call to see me.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mr. J. W. Moore of Milesburg was stopping several days in the town.

——Millheim is repairing her streets again which were washed out by the flood

——Samuel Slack arrived at this place on Tuesday with a car load of Ohio cattle.

——J. Wit Wolf and family have returned from a week's visit to Williamsport.

——J. W. Henney and ye editor are serving on the grand jury at court this week.

——Merchant Wm. Noll, and family, accompanied by Wm. Flory, of Pleasant Gap, spent Sunday with Dr. Jacobs.

——Court is in session this week, and the train Monday morning to Bellefonte, was well filled with court goers from this side.

——Jas. E. Scott; formerly a pressman at one of the Bellefonte offices, run in to see us on Saturday. He will locate at Alliance, O.

——Recorder Harter has erected a handsome frame house on the site of the old one which was wrecked by the flood.

——The Williamsport Street Railway Company is considering the feasibility of introducing the electric motor system.

——Miss Puella Dornblazer is unwell at her home in Clinton county, which her many friends here will regret to learn.

——Acting Postmaster General Clarkson ordered the free delivery mail system established at Lock Haven and Corry, Pa.

——D. C. Gingerich of Oak Hall and Millheim has gone to Johnstown where he has obtained a situation as clerk for a lumber party.

——The Millheim town council has voted money towards defraying the expense of turning the creek above town into its natural channel.

——Mrs. Henry Moyer, of Penn township, whose home is with her son-in-law Mr. Ard of Coburn is quite ill, having had a stroke of paralysis a short time ago.

——The Huntingdon Presbytery at a meeting in Bellefonte on Tuesday, accepted Rev. Kerr's resignation from the presbytery and dismissing him to Dakota.

——The College back, with a load of young ladies and gents made several hours' stay in our town on Friday afternoon. The prettiest girls in the lot were the ones with red hair and they had the handsomest beaux too.

——Dr. J. D. Wingate, of Carbondale died quite suddenly on Monday, 19. He was a former resident of Bellefonte and a brother-in-law of Prof. D. M. Wolf and known to many in this county. He left Bellefonte some 20 years ago.

——The Williamsport Gazette says: The aggregate sum received by that city from the state flood commission thus far is $100,000, and that if this were distributed to the losers it would only amount to about one per cent to each claimant.

——The landlords of the lower end seem to be in hot water, just now, some perhaps justly so, some maybe from spite or a trap set. Scott, of near Philipsburg, got a severe dose for keeping a bad place Sundays and every day, selling without license. $550 fine and 6 months jail.

——A large wedding at the home of our old friend, Israel Condo, was the event at Boalsburg, Wednesday, 21st. The occasion being the marriage of his daughter, Miss Annie Condo to Mr. D. E. Kreamer. There were many invited guests, and all had a pleasant time. The bride and groom have the good wishes of the REPORTER.

——Charles Noll, son of John Noll of Bellefonte, an employe of the Central Pennsylvania Telephone, while up on a pole in Lock Haven on Saturday adjusting some wires. was thrown to the ground by the pole breaking. The heavy timber fell on him. His jaw was broken and he was otherwise badly cut and bruised. He is a resident of Bellefonte and may not recover.

——Mrs. Crotzer, of Colorado, and Mrs. Gifford, of Iowa, daughters of the late Sheriff Tate, of Clinton county, who are visiting friends in the east, called on their Centre Hall relatives last week. Mrs. Crotzer went to Colorado about 25 years ago, in its primitive days, going by wagon for hundreds of miles, over mountains and rivers unknown to few but the Indians, taking days and weeks to cover the ground now traveled in a few hours. She is a gifted talker and an entertaining visitor.

Court.

Court convened on Monday, Judge Furst presiding, with associates Rhoades and Munson also on the bench.

The attendance was not large, it being a busy seasen for farmers and others.

Frederick Kurtz was appointed Foreman of the grand jury, which body at once went into session, at 10 a. m., and reported true bills on six cases of assault and battery and two of f. and b. These cases were most all disposed of on Monday—about the best days work yet performed by court on first day.

Landlord Shafer, of Coburn, had obtained an order from court for a transfer of his license to Willis Rishel, to whom he had sold out. On Monday the constable of Penn township returned Mr. Shafer for a violation of the license law, whereupon the court revoked the order of transfer to Mr. Rishel.

Returns were made against landord Abs Harter, of Millheim, landlord Ruhl, of Spring Mills and landlord Shafer, of Coburn, for a violation of the liquor laws.

Robert Scott, a resident of Rush township, was charged with selling liquor without license and also selling on Sunday. The plea of the defendant was changed to guilty and the court told him to pay $550 fine, costs and spend six months in jail.

John D'Armitt, assault and battery, and also throwing a stone through the window of Noll's store, Pleasant Gap. Plead guilty and court fined him $30 and three months in jail.

Frank Miller, larcency, plead guilty. Sentenced to Huntingdon Reformatory.

William Webner, assault and battery upon Ellis Gramley. Found guilty and fined $30 and costs.

He was Discharged.

One of the most systematic and meanest of robberies of labor has been practiced, it is alleged on the employes of the Centre Iron company, at Bellefonte, by a foreman named Thomas McQuillen, that has ever been recorded. McQuillen was always very partial to foreign labor, preferring them to American labor every time and would always employ such when it was to be had. But the reason for this is now apparent.

It appears that every Italian or Hungarian he would employ would be obliged to pay him a bonus in advance of from $5 to $15 according to what he could get. In this way he made codsiderable, often as much as $25 per day. Halt was never retained very long as oftener the change the greater the revenue from this nefarious business.

On his being suspected an investigation was set on foot, which resulted in the discovery that during the past six months McQuillan received in such taxing between $1,500 and $2,000. Of course he was at once discharged, as the entire thing was done without the knowledge of the management and was to their detriment, as the always changing of help left them at all times with inexperienced men to perform the labor.

A Raving Maniac,

The people living in the neighborhood of Logan Mills were much alarmed on Sunday, August 4th, over the startling news that Joseph Shreckengast, had become insane and was wild with frenzy. He ran around frothing like a mad dog and roared loud enough to be heard for miles. Going from one house to another he riddled the windows with stones and broke in the doors. He was armed with clubs and made free use of them when the neighbors interfered. In his raving madness he attacked John Grenginger and broke one of his ribs, knocked John Emig down, bit and scratched Valentine Breon, clubbed Forest Wirth, and kicked several others. Towards evening the neighbors put the shackles on him, and later brought him to the Borough lockup at this place for safe keeping. From here he was taken to the Danville Asylum for the insane.—Sugar Valley *Journal*.

Sparks Bros. Big Show Coming.

Will exhibit at Centre Hall Thursday Sept. 6. The largest and most complete Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. traveling. A mammoth waterproof pavillion. Two performances rain or shine. Our canvass tent will seat 3000 people. The Scottsdale Independent says in its issue of July 21 '89 of the show. "One of the best shows of the year was the Sparks Bros. & Stevens Uncle Toms Cabin Co., two performances were given to crowed tents. The funny Marks, the comical Topsy and the cute children kept the audience in one continual roar.

Going for the Halls.

On Tuesday night of last week, a burglar or burglars, forced entrances to the railroad stations at Oak Hall, Linden Hall and Centre Hall, by forcing openings through the windows. At Oak Hall the boodle obtained amounted to 29 cents. At Linden Hall nothing of value was stolen and the fellow in trying with a jimmy to twist off the inside fastening of the window, evidently had an artery of his wrist cut by the broken glass, as the window was quite freely squirted over by blood. At Centre Hall nothing of value was obtained either.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent. below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

Another Attraction.

The Central Penna. picnic and exhibition committee have secured the services of Mr. C. K. Sober, the champion fancy shootist, to daily give an exhibition of his cleverness in handling the gun during the week, commencing on the 16th, at blue rocks. The popularity of Mr. Sober as a marksman will no doubt tend towards an increase in the attendance.

PotatoeS Rotting

From all parts we hear of potatoes rotting to an alarming degree. At this writing it is safe to say that almost one half the crop is found rotten or tainted with the rot. There is danger that such as are now apparent y sound will also in a great measure be a prey to the rot.

Centre Hall Mills.

Fine granulated corn meal and No. 1 rye flour, at the Centre Hall mills. Also all grades of flour, feed, bran, cracked corn, hard and soft coal, etc. Terms cash, or in exchange.

Local Briefs.

——Coal—C. P. Long—Coal.

——Salt—C. P. Long—Salt—C. P. Long.

——Philadelphia Branch Shoe store—C. P. Long.

——John Parsons has been appointed postmaster at Julian.

——Extract of Vanilla, wholesale and retail, at Murray's.

——Did you see the women's 82 cent shoe at C. P. Long's?

— The Centre Hall schools open the last week in September.

——Women's button dress shoe, $1.—C. P. Long.

— 40 pieces new dress goods at C. P. Long's.

——Murray's Vanilla—best—cheapest try it.

——A fox killed eight turkeys in one night for John Frazer, near Tusseyville.

——For sale—A good store stand, address, Jacob Strohm, Tusseyville, Pa.

——Murray's Extract of Vanilla is far cheaper and preeminently superior to any other make.

——Rev. J. Horner Kerr of this place will sell personal property on Saturday September 7, at public sale.

——Received largest stock of clothing in Pennsvalley. Buy your picnic suits and save 25 per cent. at C. P. Long's.

——The mail west on Tuesday morning was over an hour late, caused by delays on the main line at Montandon.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——George Dale of College township is the Republican nominee for associate judge, and they can do much worse.

——Canteloupe, says the Daily News. Just wait until that little girl of yours gets big enough and see if she can't elope.

——David Guisewite, having finished his lumber contract in the Brush Valley Narrows, has moved his saw mill plant to Hartleton.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing and gents furnishing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the busy place now. Bargains is what draws the people.

——Mrs. Rev. Fisher and children have returned from a three week's visit to her former home in Berlin. Somerset county and were all pleased to welcome her return.

— In spite of all competition Lewins continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——The Zion band, on Saturday, while on its way to the cave picnic, stopped long enough in town to treat us to several charming pieces of music. Mr Gentzel is leader of the band.

——Lewins beats the state for large assortment of men and boy's clothing—and he beats the world and all clothing stores in it for low prices. There's where you save from $3 to $8 on a suit of clothes.

——Lock Haven produce market Butter 16 to 18 cents a pound, eggs 15 to 16 cents per dozen, chickens 50 to 60 cents per pair, potatoes 60 cents per bushel, apples 15 to 20 cents per peck, tomatoes 5 cents per pound, blackberries 5 to 6 cents per quart, huckleberries 5 to 6 cents per quart.

——All the New Woolens for the coming season now being received. Liberal discount for early orders during the dull season. Our Fall stock will be the finest ever shown. *Prices and a good fit guaranteed.* MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

——A peculiar epidemic is raging among the children of Trout Run, Lycoming county, that is puzzling the physicians. There have been a number of deaths and others are stricken with it. The doctors will make a post-mortem examination to ascertain, if possible, what the nature of the disease is.

——All that desire bargains in boots or shoes, go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, which is the place to get anything in that line at lowest prices and every article warranted, or money refunded, if not found as represented. Mingle keeps none but firs class goods.

——The railroad company at present have a number of hands engaged at laying a new siding at this place of about 2,000 feet in length. It will greatly facilitate the train movement on the the road during the picnic. It is several rods west of the station and extends over the summit, They will run trains every hour from all points, and are recognizing the growing popularity of the picnic and exhibition, and will have everything complete for the accomodation of the large crowds.

——The Probibitionists held their county convention at Unionville on Tuesday, 21, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State convention. Rev. J. W. Bedford, of Snow Shoe, presided, and Rev. J. A. Ziegler, secretary. The delegates elected are, F. Potts Green and A. J. Cook of Bellefonte; Rev. J. A. Ziegler, of Snow Shoe Intersection; Rev. J. W. Bedford, of Snow Shoe; Rev. Bouse of Milesburg; Clevan Dinges, of Centre Hall; A. N. Felton and J. B. Kerr of Philipsburg. Resolutions were passed reiterating and emphasizing the principles of the Prohibition platform. Another convention will perhaps be called for the purpose of nominating a county ticket.

——After almost two months of suspension the nail works at Bellefoute will be put in operation again some time this week, Instead of heating the furnaces with coal as heretofore they will now be heated with gas manufactured from coal and crude petroleum. The gas plant is now almost ready and seems to be a small thing to perform what is intended. It consists of a base some fifteen feet square, in which are two furnaces' over each of which is a dome or cupalo in which are the tanks of crude petroleum. The furnaces are fed with bituminous coal and the smoke and gas rising up into the cupalo comes in contact with a spray of the oil and immediately forms a gas of superlative combustible nature which is then carried to tank for storage from which it will be conveyed to the several furnaces in the mill In this way all the smoke and gas is used and the cost of heat will be reduced one half. The company that has a chartered right to make this gas is one that was organized in New York a few weeks ago with General Hastings as president and Governor Beaver as a stockholder. If the gas proves a success in the nail works it will be introduced into the glass works when they are put in operation for the heating of those furnaces.

Not Postponed.

The last week erroneous reports have been circulated that the picnic committee have been considering the feasibility of postponing the picnic to one week later on account of the difficulty experienced in getting tents. All state tents to be had will be at the Gettysburg encampment and the encampment will not close before Friday. the 12th, and the tents could not be got here in time for the picnic. But these difficulties have been finely bridged over by the P. R. R. Co. who kindly informed the committee that the tents would be hurried through from Gettysburg with all possible dispatch and would arrive here on time for the occasion by sending them through on the passenger instead of by freight.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

Huntingdon's Loss by Flood.

Among the counties which suffered by the flood of May 31 and June 1, it is believed that Huntingdon county lost the greatest number of bridges. Thirty-two bridges belonging to that county were carried away by the angry currents of the Juniata and tributaries. To provide sufficient funds to rebuild the bridges the commissioners of Huntingdon county have decided to issue $70,000 of coupon bonds redeemable in fifteen years, with interest payable semi-annually at four per cent. per annum. The bonds will be ready for the market in a few days.

GRAPE JUICE FOR SICKNESS.

The art of cultivating the Oporto vines and fermenting the Oporto grape into wine in this country, and of preserving the Grape Juice fresh without fermentation has been brought to a greater degree of perfection by Mr. Alfred Speer, of Passaic, N. J. than by any other person; in fact, he was the pioneer in introducing and advertising Native Wines. He has purchased hundreds of tons of grapes, besides his own vintage. Mr. Speer's success has arisen from the strict purity and valuable properties of his wines for invalids and feeble persons, and his reputation extends around the world.

Labor Day Approaches.

The last session of the Legislature set apart September 2d as a legal holiday to be dedicated to labor under the name of Labor Day. Labor Day being a legal holiday in this State, the banks will not be open for business, and consequently all notes, drafts, bills, acceptances, and similar obligations maturing on that day and payable at the banks will be due the previous business day. As the holiday falls on Monday September 2d, the previous business day will be Saturday August 31st, the intervening Sunday being a *dies non* in the business world.

A Grand Parade.

Will be given at Centre Hall Thursday Sept. 6 by the Sparks Bros. & Stevens Uncle Toms Cabin Co. headed by their Silver Cornet Band in their Golden Chariot drawn by 8 thoroughbred stallians. Worth coming miles to see; a free performance on the show grounds immediately after the parade.

A Complete Production!

Of Uncle Tom's Cabin by the Sparks Bros. & Stevens Co. at Centre Hall, Thursday Sept. 6. See the slave hunting blood hounds. Don't fail to see the two Marks. The beautiful Eva and Miss Topsy the "Gal that nebber was born" Admission 10 and 25 cents.

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists.

BIRD CAGES AT COST.

I have on hand a lot of brass and painted bird cages which I will sell at and below cost. Come early.

J. D. MURRAY.

Married.

August 15th, Mr. Elmer E. Mulberger, of Lemont, and Miss Grace Whippo, of Bellefonte, by Rev. W. A. Trostle.

At Boalsburg, Aug. 15, by the same, James C. Williams and Miss Maggie S. Every, both of Lemont.

Died.

At the home of her mother in Pine Grove Mills, after a lingering illness, Miss Alice Robinson, on August 15, aged 19 years and 8 months.

At Gatesburg on July 23d, Mr. Martin Gates, aged 68 years.

At his home in Gatesburg, on August 9, Mr. John Krider, aged 88 years, 1 month and 20 days.

In Mifflinburg, on the 13th, Miss Angelina R. Smith, aged 58 years, 11 mo., and 1 day.

In Limestone township, Union county, on the 18th inst., Elizabeth, wife of Christopher Seebold, aged about 27 years.

In Kelley twp., on the 12th inst., Daniel Noll, aged 76 years, 11 months and 13 days.

Recently, in White Deer twp., Union co., David Zeachler, aged about 73 years.

——Robert McFarlane's hardware store in Bellefonte is headquarters for the celebrated Link Fence Wire. Having bought a car load before the recent advance in price, he is able to sell at very low rates. The link wire has stood the test of several years in our county and has proven first class in all respects. It is so easy to handle and put up and weighs a little less to the rod than any other. Write for prices.

——What the Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing, is not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw. Lewins is King for low prices.

Remember This!

Sparks Bros. and Stevens mammoth spectacular Uncle Tom's Cabin Co. will exhibit at Centre Hall, rain or shine in their mammoth water proof tent opera house, Thursday Sep. 6; admission 25 cents, children 10 cts to the afternoon show only.

NEW MUSIC.

It pleases us to call the attention of our musical friends to Fisher's "Robin's Farewell," Caprice, for Piano, and assert that it compares with the *very best* of the late music. Mailed on receipt of 50 cts. in 2-ct. postage stamps, by Ign. Fischer, Publisher, Toledo, O.

Auction! Auction!

Dale & Co., intending to close out their stock of store goods at once, offer the stock at Auction, beginning Saturday afternoon and evening, Aug. 31, and to continue every Saturday afternoon and evening until the stock is closed out. A rare chance for bargains, and long credit given.

——Fos. Stover, of Moultrie co., Ill., arrived in this section last week for a visit among friends. He left here about ten years ago, and is doing well in the west at farming. He is accompanied by his wife and a child.

Sprucetown.

The M. E. Sunday school picnic on last Saturday was quite fairly attended, and all seemed to have had a pleasant time, Justice was done the abundance of good things which were provided to satisfy the inner man. Music for the occasion was furnished by the Potters Mills drum corps.

A great many of our farmers are through plowing and some are sowing this week.

A straw party was gotten up last Saturday evening by some of the young ladies and gents of this vicinity. But we are sorry for the young ladies that the young men are so scarce, as we understand there were at least three ladies to one gentleman.

Musical College.—The 36th session of six weeks, opens Monday evening, July 29, for the teaching of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address,

F. C. MOYER,
0jun6t Director, Fresburgh, Pa.

CENTRE HALL MILLS.

The mill is now in full operation.

Grain of all kinds wanted.

There will be constantly on hand,

Cream, patent flour,

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Fine rye flour.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—THE AUDITOR appointed to hear and pass upon exceptions to the first separate account of B. F. Arney, one of the executors of Jacob Arney, late of Potter Township, deceased, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Wednesday, the 21st day of August, 1889, at ten o'clock, a. m., when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

D. F. FORTNEY,
aug8t Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of Sarah J. Beck, late of Harris township, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

WM. BECK,
Adm'r., Boalsburg, Pa.
1aug6t

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of administration upon the estate of John Peters, late of Potter township, deceased, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHEL,
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LEGAL NOTICE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that the following accounts have been filed in the Prothonotary's Office of Centre County, and will be presented at the next term of Court for confirmation:

The account of Dr. P. T. Musser, Assignee of Jacob W. Snook, in trust for the benefit of creditors.

The first and partial account of C. M. Bower, Committee of Margery C Wilson, lunatic.

The account of Daniel Irwin, Committee of Joseph Kelso, lunatic. L. A. SCHAEFFER,
Bellefonte, Aug. 5, 1889. Prothonotary.

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1a3t Box C., Geneva, New York.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—NOTICE IS HEREby given that a special appeal for Unseated Land will be held at the Commissioners' Office in Bellefonte, for the several assessment districts as follows: For the townships of Rush, Spring, Potter, Harris, College, Benner, Ferguson, Half Moon, Patton and Worth, Sept. 9.

For the townships of Snow Shoe, Taylor, Union, Huston, Boggs, Howard, Liberty, Marion and Walker, Sept. 10.

For the townships of Burnside, Curtin, Gregg, Penn, Haines and Miles, Sept. 11

JNO. C. HENDERSON,
M. S. WIEDLER,
Attest: JNO. D. DECKER,
J. B. Strohm, Clerk. Commissioners.
Bellefonte, Aug. 16, 1889.

CAUTION.—MY WIFE, SARAH, HAVING left my bed and board, without cause or provocation, all persons are hereby cautioned against selling her anything whatever on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by her.

27aug3t THEODORE SHILLING.

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